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SELECT SPECIMENS
OF THE
THEATRE OF THE HINDUS,
No. IV.

UTTARA RAMA CHERITRA,

OR

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF RAMA,
A DRAMA

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL
SANSKRIT,

BY

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, Esq.

Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY V. HOLCROFT, AT THE ASIATIC PRESS.

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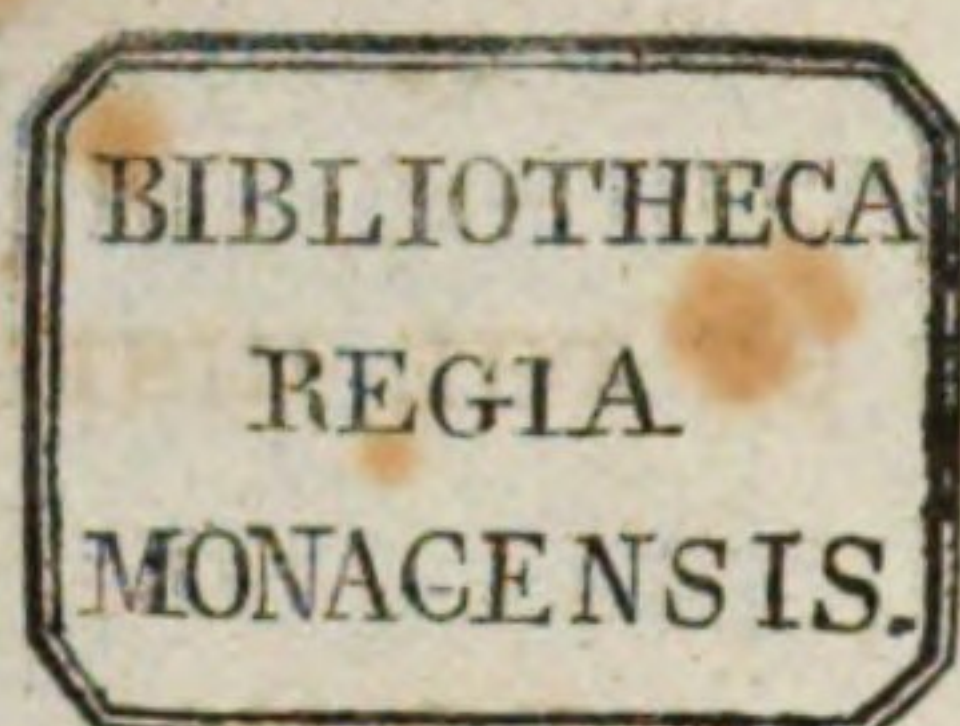
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UTTARA RAMA CHERITRA,

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CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF RAMA.

LETTERS FROM CHERRY

TO

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF RAIN

The *Uttara Rāma Cheritra*, or Continuation of the History of *Rāma*, is one of the three Dramas attributed to *Bhavabhūti*, and the internal evidence of the composition fully corroborates the traditional appropriation. The style is equally vigorous and harmonious as that of *Mālatī* and *Mādhava*, several of the sentiments found in that play recur in this, and the general character of the two Dramas notwithstanding the difference of their subjects offers many analogies. We have the same picturesque description, and strong pathos, in both.

The subject of the *Uttara Rāma Cheritra* is, as the name implies, a continuation of the history of *Rāma*, the prince of *Ayodhya*, and comprises the events that occurred subsequent to the war which constitutes the subject of the *Rāmāyana*. It is taken from the last or supplementary section of that poem, one of the two principal poetical works of the Hindus not wholly mythological, and which have some pretensions to be included in the Epic class. It is however more correctly speaking a continuation of a play by the same author, the *Vīra Rāma Cheritra*, in which the martial exploits of *Rāma* as described in the *Rāmāyana* are dramatised. The date at which the *Uttara Rāma Cheritra* was composed, cannot be deduced with certainty from any thing that occurs in the course of the play. It offers nothing however that is incompatible with the period, at which the author is said to

have flourished, or the eighth century, as noticed in the introduction to *Málatí* and *Mádhava*. The style is classical, and although elaborate, is not deformed by extravagant refinement. The thoughts are pure, and undisgraced by conceits, and altogether the composition belongs to the era of good taste in Hindu writing. But the most decided evidence of an early date is furnished by the allusions to the *Vedas*, and to some parts of the Hindu ritual which are not now familiarly known, and which there is reason to think have long fallen into disuse. The condition of the Hindu religion must have been very different, when this Drama was composed, from any under which it has been observable for some centuries past.

The story of *Ráma* has been communicated to European readers so fully, in the writings of Jones, Wilford, Maurice, Ward, and Faber, as well as in the Hindu Pantheon of Moor, and in the translation of the two first books of the *Rámáyana* by the Revd. Messrs. Carey and Marshman of Serampore, as well as probably by this time in the translation of the whole poem by Augustus Schlegel, that the events which precede the action of the following Drama, will be familiar to many of those who may peruse it. In order however to render it intelligible to those to whom the story may be unknown, a brief recapitulation of the previous adventures of its hero may not be superfluous. The author himself has not thought a preparation of this kind unnecessary even for a Hindu audience, as he has introduced, with some ingenuity, a summary sketch of the leading incidents of *Ráma's* previous career. A reference to the notes accompanying that part of the Drama will more fully explain the

circumstances there alluded to, and supply some particulars of *Rāma's* adventures not comprised in the following brief narrative.

The Deities of the Hindu Pantheon by no means enjoy undisturbed possession of divinity, and they are obliged to contend for their own supremacy, or for the protection of the world, with various formidable races known as *Asuras*, *Daiityas*, *Dánavas*, and *Rákshasas*, or different orders of Titanic and Gigantic beings of super human strength and vitality, who from the earliest periods,

Extruere montes ad sidera summa parabant,

Et magnum bello sollicitare Jovem—

Of these, the *Rákshasas* bear the least of a celestial character, and belong to the malignant creations of ancient and modern fable, who to gigantic strength and stature unite particular hostility to man, and an appetite for human flesh. In the poetical mythology of the Hindus they are descended from *Brahmá* through one of his will-born progeny, the Sage and Saint *Pulastya*, but their numbers are every day augmented by the addition of the disembodied Spirits of wicked men, condemned to this form for a season, in punishment of their crimes, and the class also comprehends sundry deformed and hideous bands, who are especially attached to the service of the God of wealth, and are supposed to keep watch over his treasures.

The first and most celebrated of the posterity of *Pulastya*, were *Rávana* and his brethren.—

——propago

Contemtrix superum, sævæque avidissima cædis,

Et violenta

The half brother of *Kuvera* the God of wealth, *Rávana*, a *Rákshasa* with ten heads, dispossessed that deity of his capital *Lanká*, in which he seated himself, and thence spread terror not only over the world, but throughout the heavens, compelling many of the subordinate Divinities to perform the menial functions of his palace. To terminate these violences and alarms, *Vishnu* was obliged to come down to Earth, where he was born as *Ráma* or *Rámachandra*, the eldest son of *Dasaratha*, a Prince of the solar Dynasty and sovereign of *Ayodhya* or *Oude*, by his wife *Kausalyá*. Other portions of the same deity animated the sons of *Dasaratha*, by his other wives *Kaikeyi* and *Sumitrá*, the former of whom gave birth to *Bharata*, and the latter to *Lakshmana* and *Satrughna*—a number of the progeny of the minor deities, and the attendant spirits of heaven, likewise assumed terrestrial shapes, and in the form of apes and bears became the warriors and allies of *Ráma*.

Whilst yet a lad, the services of *Ráma* were solicited by the sage *Viswámitra* to repel and slay the fiends by whom the religious rites of himself, and other pious individuals were interrupted. *Ráma* accordingly accompanied him, destroyed the *Rákshasi* or female fiend *Taraká*, and slew or chased other evil genii from the residence of the sages—on this occasion *Viswámitra* transferred to *Rama* and his descendants, the command of the celestial weapons, or the power ‘to wield the elements’ in war.

After these exploits *Viswámitra* conducted *Ráma* to *Mithilá* the kingdom of *Janaka*, whose daughter *Sítá* now marriageable, was to reward the prowess of the prince who should bend a bow, given to an ancestor of the Monarch of *Mithilá*

by the God *Siva*. *Ráma* alone succeeded in the attempt, and snapt the bow asunder. The indignity thus offered to his tutelary divinity, aroused the wrath of *Parasuráma*, a previous incarnation of *Vishnu*, still upon Earth, who coming to *Mithilá* to defy and exterminate *Rámachandra*, was foiled by his junior, and obliged to return, humbled and in peace, to the retirement whence he had hastened on hearing of the bow's being broken. *Ráma* received the recompense of his vigour in the hand of *Sítá*, and at the same time *Urmilá* her sister, and *Mándaví* and *Srutakirtti*, her cousins, were married to the other three sons of *Dasaratha*.

When *Ráma* approached to years of maturity, his father, by the advice of his ministers, and according to the wishes of his people, proposed to associate him in the government as *Yuva Rájá*—Young King, or *Cæsar*; a delegation of authority that seems to have been constant under the old political system of the Hindus, and traces of which have been preserved to the present day, in the petty Hindu states to the East of Bengal—Domestic intrigue however forced *Dasaratha* to forego his purpose, and to change the elevation of *Ráma* into exile. His second wife, *Kaikeyí*, instigated by the councils of a female attendant, insisted upon the king's fulfillment of a promise which he had formerly made, and which like the pledge of the Gods of *Olympus*, was not to be recalled, whatever mischief might ensue. *Dasaratha* when formerly wounded dangerously in battle, was preserved by the cares of *Kaikeyi*, in acknowledgment of which service, he offered her two boons whenever she should demand them. These she now claimed, the installation of her son *Bharata*,

and the banishment of *Rama* for fourteen years, and *Dasaratha* was forced to comply, although upon the departure of his son, he expired with grief. *Bharata* refused to accept the succession to the throne, and hastened after *Rama* to bring him back to the capital, but that prince, in veneration of his father's memory, determined to fulfill his injunction notwithstanding his decease, and leaving *Bharata* regent during his absence, repaired to the forests of Southern India, accompanied by his wife, and *Lakshmana* his brother.

Conformably to current traditions, and the evidence of names assigned to different places in the peninsula, *Rama* passed from *Ayodhyá* to the South East, and first established himself near the sources of the *Godáveri* in the *Dandaka* forest. On his journey, and during his residence in the thickets, he encountered and discomfited various members of the *Rákshasa* tribe, and amongst others maltreated *Surpanahká* the sister of *Ravana*, requiting the tender sentiments with which he inspired her, by cutting off her nose and ears.—She first applied to her brothers, *Khara* and *Dushana* who guarded the forests with numerous bands of *Rákshasas*, to avenge her, but when they were slain in the quarrel by the sons of *Dasaratha*, she carried her complaints to *Ravana* in *Lanká*, and instigated him to resent the injuries that had been inflicted on her person, especially by inspiring him with a passion for *Sítá*. In order to effect his purpose *Ravana* repaired to *Panchávatí*, the residence of *Rama*, with *Maricha* the son of *Taraká* who transforming himself into a deer beguiled *Rama* from his cottage in chase of the supposed animal—*Lakshmana* by desire of *Sítá* going to look for his brother, she was left alone, on which *Ravana* approach-

ing her as an old mendicant, then discarded his disguise and carried her off. On his way he was at first stopped by *Jatáyus*, a mythological being, a chief of the winged tribes, and a friend of *Dasaratha*, who was speedily overcome, and left mortally wounded, and *Ravana* effected his retreat to *Lanká* without further opposition.

On returning to his cottage, and searching for his missing bride, *Ráma* discovered the wounded *Jatáyus*, and before he expired learnt from him who was the Ravisher of *Sítá*, but not his residence; in quest of which, he plunged into the forests in the central part of the peninsula, and by the advice of a headless monster, whom he slew, repaired to the mountain *Rishyamuka* at the sources of the *Pampá* river, where *Sugriva* the monarch of the monkies held his court—On arriving at this spot, he found the monkey monarchy distracted by intestine divisions, and *Sugriva* deprived of his wife and shorn of his authority by his brother *Báli*. *Ráma* having formed an alliance with *Sugriva*, engaged and killed *Báli*, and restored to his associate the supreme sovereignty over the baboons, and the capital *Kishkindha*. *Sugriva* in acknowledgement of this service, dispatched his principal monkies in all directions to discover *Sítá*, in which search *Hanumán* was successful—the party he accompanied, headed by *Angada*, the son of *Báli* proceeded southward to the sea, where they encountered *Sampátí* the brother of *Jatáyus*, by whom they were apprised of the site of *Lanká* and the detention of *Sítá* there by its ten headed king. *Hanumán* undertook to seek her there, and jumping across the arm of the sea, obtained access to the palace where *Síta* was confined, and an interview with that princess. Having thus ascertained

the place of her existence, *Hanumán* after setting *Lanká* on fire, returned to *Ráma*, and conveyed to him the information which he had been sent out to procure.

On receipt of this intelligence, *Ráma* accompanied by *Sugriva* and an innumerable host of his monkey subjects, advanced to the point of the Peninsula, opposite to the northern extremity of Ceylon, where a passage across the channel by which that island is separated from the Coromandel coast was accomplished, by casting rocks and mountains into the sea, and thus constructing a bridge, the vestiges of which are said to be still visible in the reef of rocks which render the straits of Manar impassable to vessels of burthen. At this point *Ráma* was joined by *Vibhishana*, the brother of *Rávana* who having in vain counselled the restitution of *Sítá*, and incurred by his advice the displeasure of the sovereign of *Lanká*, deserted his cause, and went over to the enemy.

Having crossed the Sea and encamped in the vicinity of the capital of *Rávana*, the baboon army was encountered by the monstrous bands in the service of *Lanká*, and a variety of engagements ensued, which although attended with the occasional discomfiture of the assailants ended in the utter defeat of the *Rákshasas*, and the death of *Rávana* by the hands of *Ráma*. Upon his fall, *Sítá* was recovered, but before being re-admitted to her husband's embraces she was compelled to vindicate her purity, by undergoing the ordeal of fire. Having passed unhurt through the blazing pile, and been further justified by the oral testimony of *Brahmá* and other Gods, as well as the spirit of *Dasaratha* her father in law, she was once more united to *Ráma*, who installing

Vibhishana in the kingdom of *Lanká*, over which he is supposed still to reign, he returned to *Ayodhyá* where *Bharata* gladly restored the sovereignty to his Brother.

The incidents that immediately followed the return of *Ráma* to his Capital form the Subject of the Drama, and therefore require no notice in this place : the catastrophe is however differently brought about in the *Rámáyana* and *Raghuvansa*, a poetical account of *Ráma* and his race, and closes in a different manner. *Ráma* discovers his sons in consequence of their recital of the *Rámáyana* at his sacrifice, and *Sítá* upon her innocence being recognised by the people, is suddenly carried off by the Goddess of the Earth, and disappears for ever. This denouement is very judiciously altered to her reunion with her sons and husband, in the play. *Ráma* died soon after the disappearance of *Sítá*, and divided his kingdom between his sons, but *Kusa* being the elder and having established his capital at *Ayodhyá* is regarded as the continuer of the line of *Raghu*. The *Kachwaha Rajputs*, affect to derive their descent from *Kusa*, whilst another *Rajput* tribe, the *Badkuja* regard *Lava* as the founder of their race.

UTTARA RAMA CHERITRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Rāma. King of *Ayodhyā*.

Kusa,
Lava, } his twin Sons.

Lakshmana. The brother of *Rāma*.

Chandraketu. The son of *Lakshmana*.

Vālmiki. A holy Sage, the author of the *Rāmāyana*, and preceptor of *Kusa* and *Lava*.

Janaka. The father of *Sitā*, formerly king of *Mithilā*, now leading an ascetic life.

Sambūka. An ascetic killed by *Rāma*, but appearing in his spiritual character.

Ashtavakra. An ascetic.

Sumantra. The Charioteer of *Chandraketu*.

Durmukha. An emissary employed by *Rāma*.

Saudhātaki,
Bhāndāyana, } two of *Valmiki's* pupils.

A *Vidyādhara.* A male Spirit of air.

WOMEN.

Sitā. The wife of *Rāma*.

Arundhatī. A pious dame, the wife of the sage *Vasisht'ha* and guardian of *Sitā*.

Atreyí. A pious dame, the wife of the sage *Atri*.

Kausalyá. The aged mother of *Ráma*.

Vásanti. The guardian spirit of the forest of *Janast'hána*.

Tamasá. A River Goddess.

Muralá. The same.

A Vidyadhari. A female Spirit of air.

Characters in the Scene in the last Act.

Gangá. The Goddess of the Ganges.

Prithiví. The Goddess of the Earth.

Celestial Spirits, guards, pupils, &c.

The Scene of the First Act is in the Palace of *Ráma* at *Ayodhyá*, of the second, in the forest of *Janast'hána* along the *Godáverí*—in the rest of the piece, it lies in the vicinity of *Válmíki's* hermitage at *Bithúr* on the Ganges.

An interval of twelve years occurs between the First Act and the remainder of the play: the time of each Act is that of representation.

UTTARA RAMA CHERITRA.

A DRAMA

PRELUDE

ENTER Manager.

Mana. I bow to the feet of the illustrious poet *Bhava—bhúti*.*—By thus honouring the celebrated bards of old we propitiate the Goddess of eloquence who is a portion of the Supreme Spirit.

This being the festival of the glorious† *Kálapriya Náth* I apprise you, Sirs, that we purpose representing the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra*, the composition of *Bhavabhúti*, entitled *Sri-Kantha*—of the race of *Kásyapa*, and assimilated to an equality with *Brahmá* by the favour of *Saraswatí*.‡ I enact a native of *Ayodhyá*§ and a stranger approaches—

* This salutation must of the name now given to a whole course be the work of a later province or kingdom *Awadh* or hand: the whole of this brief *Oude*. It was formerly confined introduction is very peculiar. to the capital, the kingdom bearing the designation of *Kosalá*.

† The *Málati* and *Mádhava* was composed for a similar festival, as has been noticed. It was for many years the sovereignty of the princes of the Solar line. The remains of the ancient city are still to be seen at the town of *Oude*, situated on the banks of the *Ghagra* 79 miles from *Lucknow* and adjoining *Fyzabad*.

‡ The Goddess of eloquence and wife of *Brahmá*—the allusions to *Bhavabhúti*'s family descent have been explained in the *Málati* and *Madhava*.

* *Ayodhya* is the original of

This is the season of the inauguration of the renowned *Ráma*, the threatening meteor [of the race of *Pulastya* ;* and the drum of rejoicing, sounds unweariedly by night and day—but, what should this mean—why are the public places to day so silent and unfrequented.—

* Intending especially the Giant king of *Lanká*, *Rávana*, and his brothers destroyed in the war with *Ráma*. *Ravana* was the son of the sage *Visravas* by *Naikasi* the daughter of *Sumáli*, a demon, who observing the splendor of *Kuvera*, a son of the sage by his wife *Irvirá*, directed his daughter to propitiate the sage that she also might have children by him. Having succeeded in obtaining the good graces of *Visravas*, *Naikasi* had by him *Rávana*, *Kumbhakerna*, and *Vibhishana*, and a daughter *Surpanakhá*.

Ravana was engendered after the performance of a sacrifice with fire, in consequence of which he was born of an uncouth appearance with ten heads and twenty arms—*Visravas* his father, was the son of *Pulastya* one of the will begotten sons of of *Brahmá*—although therefore a holy sage, he is often alluded to as the progenitor of the *Rákshasas*, of which race *Rávana* and his brethren were such distin-

guished members. *Uttara Ramayana* and *Padma Purána*. The *Bhágavat* agrees nearly with them but names the mother of the *Rákshasas*, *Kumbhinasi*.

A very different legend is given in the *Vana Parva* of the *Mahábhárat*. *Pulastya* the son of *Brahma*, begot *Kuvera*, who who by paying great attention to his grand father was made by him immortal and appointed the God of wealth. His capital was *Lanká*, and the *Rákshasa* were his guards. His currying favour with *Brahmá* incensed his father, and *Pulastya* assumed the form of a holy sage named *Visravas*. To propitiate this wrathful manifestation of his father, was *Kuverá's* next object and with this view he gave him three *Rákshasis* as handmaids, *Pushpotkatá*, *Ráká* and *Málini*—by the first *Visravas*, had *Kumbhakerna* and *Rávana*, by the second *Khara* and a daughter *Surpanakhá*, and by *Málini*, *Vibhishana*. We have a different account again in the *Linga Purana*

ENTER Actor.

Act. The monkey chiefs,* and friendly fiends, and all the warriors in alliance with the prince, have been dismissed to their several homes; in their stead, the holy sages have arrived from various realms, and their reception has been the occasion of perpetual festivity.—

Mana. True—and the mothers of *Rághava*,† under the guidance of *Vasisththa*,‡ and with *Arundhati*§ to preside in the sacrifice, have departed to the dwelling of their son in law.—

Act. I am a stranger here you know—inform me who is this son in law.—

(ch. 63.) *Pulastya* had by *Ilavilá*, the daughter of *Trinavindu*, a son, named *Visravas* who had four wives *Devavarnini* the daughter of *Vrihaspati*, *Pushpotkata* and *Ráká* (or *Váká*) the daughters of the demon *Mályavan*, and *Naikasi* the daughter of the Demon *Sallaki*: by the first he had *Kuvera* or *Vaisrava*, by the second *Mahodara*, *Prahasta*, *Mahaparswa*, and *Khara*, and *Kernanasi* a daughter; by the third he had *Trisiras* *Dushana* and *Vidyujjihwa* and *Syamilca* a daughter, and by the last or *Náikasi* the virtuous *Vibhishana*.

* *Ráma* was accompanied on his return to *Ayodhyá* by *Vibhishana* the brother and successor of *Ravana* and by the mon-

key chiefs, *Sugriva*, *Angada*, and *Hanuman*—they assisted at his coronation, and then returned to their dwellings in the *Dekhin*, and *Lanká*.

† Or *Ráma*; the term is a patronymic implying his being a descendant of *Raghu*. His mothers are the widows of his father *Dasaratha*—*Kausalyá* the mother of *Rama*; *Sumitrá* the mother of *Lakshmana*, and the youngest son *Satrughna*, and *Kaikeyi* the mother of the third son *Bharata*.

‡ The family priest of *Rama's* race, the son of *Brahmá* in one birth, and of *Mitra* and *Váruna* or the sun and the sea in another.

§ *Arundhati* is the wife of the Sage.

Mana. The late king* *Dasarat'ha* had a daughter named *Sántá*, whom he gave to king *Lomapáda* to adopt, and whom *Rishyasringa*† the son of *Vibhándaka* espoused‡—He now holds the ceremony of the§ twelve years sacrifice. and the elders have gone to assist at its celebration—leaving with his permission, the daughter of ¶ *Janaka* at the capital, But, come, time wears—let us go meet our friends at the Palace as was appointed.

Act. But tell me, in your opinion, has the title of *Most Pure* been very judiciously granted by the king to his bride.

* *Dasaratha* the son of *Aja* and father of *Râma* was a distinguished prince of the Solar dynasty. *Buchanan* supposes him to have lived in the 15th century before the Christian era.

† *Rishyasringa* the deer-horned was born of a doe, and had a small horn on his forehead, whence his name.

‡ These circumstances are all narrated in the *Râmáyana* at length. Book 1 Sections vii. ix. x. *Lomapáda* was king of Anga.

§ This number offers some analogy to the visits of Gods to Ethiopia's blameless race when; "Twelve days the powers indulged the genial rite." *Macrobius* however would read this, twelve hours or the interval between Sun set and Sun rise, when Jove as that planet is below the horizon: it is true the

original leaves him at liberty to propose such a reading as neither days nor hours are specified in this place. The return of the deities however is more specific. Twelve days were passed and now the dawning light

The Gods had summoned to the Olympian height.

The same critic conceives also that some allusion may be made to the signs of the Zodiac (Sat. 1. 23. Somn. Scipion. lib. 2.) The number has very possibly some secret import, astronomical or mythological, both amongst the Hindus and Greeks.

¶ *Janaka* was king of Mithila and a man of great piety and learning. He was the reputed father of *Sítá* the wife of *Râma*, having found her an infant in the earth upon ploughing it for a sacrifice.

Mana. Mind your own affairs—why talk upon improper subjects—men are ever evil disposed towards the purity of words and women.

Act.—Most maliciously—true—especially as the calumnies insinuated against *Vaidéhi*,* in consequence of her residence in the dwelling of the *Rákshasa*, were refuted by her passing the fiery ordeal.†

Mana. Yet should such reports as are still current reach the king they will cause him great distress.

Act. The sages and the Gods will provide for the best—Where is his Majesty (*listening.*) Oh, I hear, *Janaka* his father in law has just left him to return to his own kingdom,

* *Sítá* bears the patronymic *Vaidehi* as the daughter of the king of *Videha*.

† After the recovery of *Sítá* from *Rávana*, *Rama* welcomed her coldly, and after intimating some suspicions unfavourable to her chastity, refused to receive her: on which *Sita* determined to commit herself to the test of Fire. Having entered the fire prepared for this purpose in the presence of the Gods and of *Dasaratha*, the deceased father of *Rama*, it proved innocuous, and *Agni* its deity restored *Ráma* his bride unhurt, and declared her purified by the ordeal she had undergone. *Dasaratha* also bore testimony to *Sita's* virtue and *Rama's* doubts being thus dissipated, he joyfully received his bride. *Uttara Rámáyana*. According to the *Brahmá Vaiveritta Purána*, *Sita* herself was not carried off by *Rávana*. Her shadow or *Chháya* being substituted by *Agni* for her substance. It was this semblance also that entered the fire in order to give *Agni* an opportunity of restoring the original to *Ráma*. The *Padma-Purána* (*Patála Khand*) dispenses with the ordeal, but brings forward *Agni*, *Váyu*, *Varuna*, *Brahmá* and *Dasaratha* to swear to *Sita's* innocence, *Brahmá* further consoles *Rama* by declaring, it was necessary *Sítá* should have been carried off by *Rávana*, as his rape of a virtuous woman

and the king has quitted his seat of justice to repair to the inner apartments, and console the queen.

Exeunt,

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.

THE PALACE.

Râma and Sîtâ, discovered.

Droop not dear *Sîtâ* ; our respected friends,
Have parted from us with no less reluctance
Than we have felt, but duty must be done.
To loftier claims must self indulgence yield,
And they who venerate their household fire,
Must bear the task such sacred charge imposes *

was the only cause of destruction to which he was subject, agreeably to the curse denounced upon him by *Nala Kuvera* and the previous boon conferred upon him by *Brahmâ*. In the *Uttara Khand* of the same *Purâna* she enters into the

fire as in the other authorities.

* The maintenance of a perpetual fire implies also the observance of all the occasions on which sacrifices with fire are offered, and all those duties which a householder is enjoined

Sita. I know the truth of this, my dearest Lord,
But still to separate from our nearest friends,
And cherished kindred, cannot chuse but grieve us.

Ram. True, love—

But these, the sorrows of a feeling heart,
Are the sad portion of man's social life :
'Tis hence, the wise repair to caves and woods,
To quell desire by solitude and penance.

ENTER *Attendant.*

Rámabhadra—(Checking himself.) Mahárāja.

Ráma. (Smiling.) My worthy friend: I better love to hear
The name of *Rámabhadra*, from the mouths
Of those who were my father's followers.*
What is your message.

Att. *Ashtávakra* waits :

From *Rishyasringa's* hermitage.

Sit. What should delay his entrance.

ENTER *the Ascetic Ashtávakra.†*

Ash. Health and Peace to both.

* The mode here adopted of delineating *Ráma's* kindly disposition is very Shakespearian.

† *Ashtávakra* is the hero of a curious legend in the *Mahábhárat*. *Kahora* his father was the pupil of *Uddálaka* and married his preceptor's daughter—he was so much addicted to study that he rather neglected his bride, when far advanced in her pregnancy, and was rebuked for his conduct by his son yet unborn—the father indignantly pronounced, that he should be born crooked in punishment of his impertinence, and hence his name *Ashta* eight (limbs) and *Vakra* curved.

Ram. Respect await you venerable Sir—
Be seated.

Sit. I salute you with respect ;
And hold me highly honored to receive
The pious kinsman of my sainted Sister.

Ram. No cares disturb my brother's holy peace,
Nor my respected sister's.

Sit. Dwell we ever in their recollection.

Ash. Assuredly—They are well—Lady, to you,
The sage *Vasishth* thus addresses him.
Thy mother is the all-sustaining Earth ;
Thy father is a king of no less fame

Kahora went to the great sacrifice of *Janaka* king of *Mithilá* soon after the birth of his son—to that festival came a seeming *Bauddha* sage who overcoming all his competitors in argument had them thrown into the river. *Kahora* venturing to encounter him, suffered this fate. When *Ashtávakra* was in his twelfth year, he first heard of his father's mischance, and to revenge it, set off for the yet unfinished sacrifice, it being one of those already noticed, as of twelve years duration. Although young in age the Saint was mature in wisdom, and overcame his father's conqueror; when he insisted on his being thrown into the river, the supposed disputant declared himself to be the son of *Varuna* the god of the waters, who had commenced a similar sacrifice with that of *Janaka*, at the same time, and to secure the attendance of learned *Brahmans*, had adopted the expedient of sending his son to defeat them in disputation, and give them a subsequent ducking: the object being effected, they were dismissed with honour, and the parties separated mutually content. *Ashtávakra* by his father's instructions bathed in the *Samangá* river, and by so doing was rendered perfectly straight. *Mahábhárat, Vana Parva*. He was married to the daughter of the sage *Vádanya*. *Dána Dherma*.

Than the primæval patriarchs ; thy Lord
 Draws his proud lineage from the King of day,
 And his illustrious house have ever owned
 Our spiritual guidance : what alone remains ;
 That from thee spring an offspring to inherit
 The conjoint honors of each glorious race.

Rama. I thank the sage. In this imperfect world,
 Man's tardy speech lags after things foregone ;
 But with the saints, the thoughts their lips express,
 Precede, and presage sure, events to come.

Ash. *Arundhatí* and all the holy dames,
 And *Sántá*—bid thee well consider this :
 If thou have hope of heirs, what must be done,
 Must be effected speedily.

Ram. Declare it.
 What must be done.

Ash. This *Rishyasringa* tells me to impart.
 Let the fair *Queen repair unto the forests.
 Such separation gives to *Ráma* happiness,
 And I shall see her bearing on her lap
 A smiling progeny.

Ram. So let it be.
 Is there aught else *Vasisht'ha's* wish ordains.

Ash. Attend.
 The holy sacrifice absorbs our care ;
 And you, my son, are young in years and power.
 Remember therefore that a king's true wealth,

* Or in the text *Kathoragerbhá*, in reference to her protracted pregnancy.

His real glory, is his people's welfare.

Ram. So **Maitrávaruni* has ever taught us :

And I am ready, pity, pleasure, love,

Nay even *Sítá*, to resign, content,

If it be needful for the general good.

Sit. In this, my Lord, does honor to his race.

Ram. Who waits. Attend upon the sage.

Ash. (*Rises and circumambulates them*)

Behold the Prince.

[*Exit.*

ENTER *Lakshmana*.

Laksh. Glory to *Ráma*.

Come my most noble Brother, on these walls,

Behold a skilful artist has pourtrayed,

Your story as he learnt the tale from me.

Ram. You have the skill,

To dissipate our queen's uneasiness—

How far proceeds the tale good Brother.

Laksh. To where the Queen

Was purified by flame.

Ram. Most pure by birth,

She needed not the consecrated wave,

Nor sacred fire, to sanctify her nature.

Laksh. Daughter of sacrifice, respected *Sítá*

Secure of a devotion that will cease

With life alone—forgive me.

Ram. The base herd,

Of men, may censure rank and worth unheeded :

* A name of *Vasishtha*, the son of *Mitra* and *Varuna*.

But their foul calumnies do not deserve
By thee to be repeated. The flower that breathes
With nature's fragrance, on the brow should blossom,
Nor with contempt be trampled on the ground.*

Sita. Come let us see these paintings-

[*They rise and Exeunt.*]

SCENE SECOND.

THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE WITH
A PAVILION.

ENTER *Lakshmana, Sítá* and *Ráma*.

Laksh. Behold the picture.†

Sita. What are these that crowd

Around my Lord and seem to hymn his praises.

* This idea occurs in *Málati* and *Mádhava* see page 119.

† A long scroll in compartments apparently fixed against a wall. Such pictures, being panoramic representations of holy place usually, are still not uncommon, whilst the *Máhabhārat* and *Rámáyana* in illuminated and embellished portable scrolls are very frequent. It is not uncommon also in the western

provinces to meet with a kind of fresco painting upon the walls of gardens, or enclosures of tanks: a favourite subject for this kind of embellishment about *Mathura* and *Vrindavan* was the repulse of the British before Bharatpur in 1805. They will now, probably (1826) be effaced, to make room for the delineation of its capture.

Laksh. They are the heavenly arms, that *Viswámitra*,*
 The holy sage from *Kusa* sprung—the friend
 Of all mankind, obtained from great *Krisáswa*,†
 And gave them to the Prince to wage the fight

* *Viswámitra* was born a prince in the Lunar dynasty. According to the *Rámáyana* he was the fourth from *Prajápati* but the *Bhágavat* makes him the fifteenth from *Brahmá*—they agree in calling him the Son of *Gádhi* who according to the first was the son of *Kusaná-bha*, and according to the second, the Son of *Kushumba* two different sons of *Gádhi*. *Viswámitra* was sovereign of *Kanoj*, and engaged in war with the sage *Vasishttha* for the possession of the all bestowing Cow. In this contest the Cow produced all sorts of forces, particularly *Mlechhas* or barbarians, by whose aid *Vasishttha* overcame his adversary. There can be little doubt that this legend is a metaphorical account of a real transaction, and that by the Cow we are to understand India, or the most valuable portion of it, for the sovereignty of which either two princes, or two tribes, the Brahmans and *Kshetriyas*, contended, one of the parties calling to their aid the barbarians, the Persians, and not impossibly the Greeks, triumphed by their means. *Viswámitra* was born a sage in consequence of his mother partaking of some charmed food prepared by the *Muni Richika* for his wife, her daughter. After observing the superior might of the Brahmans, he engaged in a course of austerities to rise from the martial order in which he was born, to that of the sacerdotal, and ultimately compelled *Brahmá* to grant him that elevation. *Rámáyana*. 1. Sect. 41--52 *Mahábharat*. *Adi*. *Porva*. *Bhágavat* ix. 15. &ca.

† Two Sovereigns of the name of *Krisáswa* are traceable, one a king of *Ayodhyá* the other of *Visálá*. The position of the former in the solar genealogy stands thus in Buchanan's authorities;

<i>Bhágavat</i>	<i>Vansa Latá</i>	<i>Hari Vans.</i>
<i>Nikumbha</i>	<i>Nikumbha</i>	<i>Nelummbha</i>
<i>Vârhanaswa</i>	<i>Vârhanáswa</i>	<i>Sanghatáswa</i>
<i>Krisáswa</i>	<i>Krisáswa</i>	<i>Krisáswa</i>
<i>Senajit</i>	<i>Yuvanáswa</i>	<i>Prasénajit</i>
<i>Yuvanáswa</i>		<i>Yuvanáswa</i>

But the *Vishnu Purána* goes from *Nikumbha* to *Prasenajit*

With that malignant demon *Táraká*.*—

Ram. Pay reverence *Sitá* to the arms divine.

The ancient sages deemed themselves most blest
To view them for a while ; and painful toils,
Thousands of years endured, by Gods themselves,
Obtained these weapons for the wars of heaven.†

at once, omitting the two intermediate princes.

Krisáswa the sovereign of *Visála* is the son of *Samyama* and father of *Somadatta* according to the *Bhágavat* and *Vansa Latá*. Buchanan is mistaken in supposing the former interposes a *Sahadeva* between him and *Samyama*. *Devaja* or *Devaka* is the son of *Samyama*, with *Krisáswa* or his brother—the mistake arises from considering *Saha*, with, as part of the name—the text has *Samyamad ásit Krisáswa Saha Devaja* ; explained by the comment, *Dewajena* or *Devakena Sahita*.

Buchanan places the *Ayodhya* prince in the 18th century before Christ and the Sovereign of *Visála* in the 14th—the latter is therefore made subsequent to *Ráma* who is supposed by him to have flourished in the 15th.

Neither of these persons however appears to be the *Krisáswa* of the text who is more probably a sage—one so named, a *Muni*

or *Devarshi* is said to have married two of the daughters of *Daksha*, *Jayá* and *Vijayá* according to the *Rámáyana*, but *Archi* and *Dhishaná* in the *Bhágavat*.—He is also said to have been a writer on dramatic representation whence an actor or dancer is termed in the *Amera Kosha* *Krisaswi*—nothing further of him has been ascertained.

* A female fiend the daughter of the *Yaksha Suketu* and wife of the *Daitya Sunda*. She was changed into the form of a *Rákshasi* after the death of her husband by the curse of the sage *Agastya*. Having devastated the flourishing districts of *Malaja* and *Karusha* and obstructing the sacrifices of the sages, *Viswámitra* applied to *Ráma* for aid, and her destruction was his first exploit. *Rámáyana* 1. 23—25.

† These weapons are of a very unintelligible character. Some of them are occasionally wielded as missiles, but in general they

Sita. (*Bowing.*) Receive my adoration —

Ram. They will aid

Thy children.

Sita. I am grateful.

Laksh. There, the scene

Is changed to *Mit hilá*.*

Sita—Yes, I see my Lord.

Dark as the deep blue lotus is his hue,

And strength and grace in every limb appear—

The dazzled eye shrinks from his lovely face,

With graceful curls set off, whilst high disdain

Swells every feature, as with force divine,

appear to be mystical powers, exercised by the individual, such as those of paralysing an enemy, or locking his senses fast in sleep, or bringing down storm and rain and fire from heaven. In the usual strain of the Hindu mythology they are supposed to assume celestial shapes, endowed with human faculties, and in this capacity are alluded to in the text. The list of them, one hundred, is given in the first book of the *Rámáyana*, and there also they are described as embodied, and address *Ráma* saying—"Command us Oh *Rághava* of mighty arm—Here we are, Oh chief of men, command us, what shall we do for thee. The Son of *Raghu* replied; Depart all of you, and in time of necessity when called to

mind, render me assistance. They then circumambulated *Ráma* and having said, So be it, received his permission to depart, and went whence they came." The *Rámáyana* calls them also the Sons of *Krisáswa* and the sons of *Jayá* and *Vijayá* the daughters of *Prajápati*. *Rámáyana*. I. Sec. 20 26 and 42.

* The country north of the Ganges between the *Gandaki* and *Kosi* rivers comprehending the modern provinces of *Purniya* and *Tirhut*: the remains of the capital founded by *Janaka* and thence termed *Janakipur* are still to be seen according to Buchanan, on the northern frontier; at the *Janickpoor* of the maps.

He snaps asunder the celestial bow.*

Laksh. See where *Vasishtha* and the holy son
Of *Gautama*, the priest of *Janaka*,†
Concur in approbation of the nuptials.

Ram. No wonder ; for the alliance that united
Raghu with *Janaka*, could to none
Be else than pleasing, and where *Viswámitra*
Himself was donor and receiver.

Sita. A solemn scene, where gifts of kine secure
Auspicious destiny, and four bright youths
Are knit in marriage bonds with four fair maids‡—
Ah well I know its import—there—and then,
My happiness began.

Ram. Nor less the boon
That ever cherished day on me bestowed ;
When the sage son of *Gautama*, thy hand
With golden bands begirt, as if it were

* This Bow originally belonged to *Siva* who wielded it victoriously against the other gods at *Daksha's* sacrifice, but without success, against *Vishnu*, on which he gave it to *Devaráta* one of *Janaka's* ancestors, subsequent to whom it remained in the family. Like the bow of *Ulysses* it was employed by *Janaka* to ascertain the strength of the candidates for his daughter's hand, none of whom were able to bend it, but it was broken with ease by *Ráma*. *Rámáyana* B. 1. Sec 52, 53 & 62.

† *Satananda*, the son of *Gautama* and *Ahalyá* and family priest of the king of *Methilá*.

‡ The Sons of *Dasaratha* were *Ráma*, *Lakshmana*, *Bharata*, and *Satrughna* : at the time that *Sita* was married to the former, the other daughter of *Janaka*, *Urmilá*, was given to *Lakshmana*, and the two other brothers were married to *Mándavi* and *Srutakirtti* the daughters of *Kusadhwaaja*, the sovereign of *Sankásya*, or according to the *AgniPurána*, of *Kási* or *Benares*, and brother of *Janaka*.

The festival embodied, placed in mine.

Laksh. Behold the princess, and this is *Mándavi*—

This *Srutakirti*.—

Sita. And the fourth.

Laksh. Why ask me ;

You know that this is *Urmilá*.

But here direct your eye—'tis *Bhúrgava*.*

Sita. His look alarms me.

Ram. Reverence to the Saint.

Laksh. You should observe him ; for this hero vain—

Ram. (*interrupting.*)

Much else remains that more deserves attention.

Sita. This modesty full well becomes my Lord.

Laksh. Here we are in *Ayodhyá*.

Ram. Happy days—

When yet an honoured Sire was alive,

Whilst yet a mother's love watched o'er our being ;

When all was joy—See here—the youthful bride

Fair *Sítá* wins maternal admiration :

Her smiling countenance resplendant shines

* The descendant of *Bhrigu*, return to punish him for breaking the bow of that deity. He was compelled however to acknowledge the superiority of the younger warrior, and after deprecating his anger, retired to a life of devotion on mount *Mahendra*. *Rámáyana* I. 72. In the *Mahabharat*, *Ráma* shoots arrows at him, and strikes him senseless. and intercepted him on his

With youth and loveliness—her lips disclose
Teeth white as *Jasmine* blossoms—silky curls
Luxuriant shade her cheeks, and every limb
Of slightest texture moves with natural grace,
Like moon beams gliding through the yielding air.

Laksh. Here is the wretched *Manthará**

Ram. Dismissed

Unnoticed—see the groves of *Sringavérat*,
Where from the monarch of the forest tribes
We met a friendly welcome.

Laksh. (*Apart.*) He omits

What chanced between.†—

Sita. And now behold assumed,

The braid of penance §

Laksh. Yes: the task severe,

The elders of our race, their state deposed,

In favour of their progeny adopted, ¶

* The confidential attendant of *Kailkeyi*, the second wife of *Dasaratha*, by whose instigations that princess opposed *Rāma*'s accession to the throne, and insisted on his exile.

ried over to the South bank of the Ganges, a day's march above its junction with the Jumna.

† Or the circumstances of his exile.

† *Sringavera* was a city on the North bank of the Ganges, or more properly a village, as the country on both sides of the Ganges was here a forest, inhabited by *Nishadas* or wild tribes of whom *Guha* was the chief, by whose assistance *Rāma*, *Lakshmana* and *Sitá* were fer-

§ The *Játá* or matted hair assumed by *Rāma* and *Lakshmana* on dismissing the royal chariot at the village of *Sringavera* to indicate their entering upon a forest or ascetic life—*Rām.* II. 40.

¶ It appears to have customary for the ancient princes of the Hindus, when enfeebled by

Was here by youth sustained ; and opening life,
Content to languish in the forest's gloom.

Sita. Behold—the *Bhágirathí*.*

Ram. Goddess benign, who oer the race of *Raghu*
Thy guardian care extendest, I salute thee—
Thy downward path *Bhagí Rath's* prayers propelled
And thy pure waves redeemed his ancestry,
Reduced to ashes by the wrath of *Kapila*,
As through the bowels of the earth they sought
The steed escaped from *Sagara's* sacrifice.†

years to transfer the crown to the successor and retire to a hermitage.

* The Ganges, so named from having been brought down to earth by the devotions of king *Bhagí Rath*.

† *Sagara* purposing to perform an *Aswamedha* or sacrifice of a horse, set, as an essential part of the ceremony, the horse at liberty, who was carried off by one of the Serpents of *Pátá-la*. The king directed his sons by his wife *Sumati*, sixty thousand in number to recover the steed. Their efforts although unavailing were enough to alarm the gods and de mons, and to ensure their own destruction. After penetrating deep towards the subterraneous regions, they came upon the horse grazing near *Kapila*, an incarnation of *Vishnu*

as a sage, whom the Sons of *Sagara* challenged as the thief of the horse. *Kapila* incensed, reduced them all to ashes with a blast from his nostrils. *Ansumán* the son of *Asamanjas*, the son of *Sagara* by his other wife *Kesini*, afterwards discovered the reliques of his uncles, and learned from *Garúra*, their uncle, that the waters of the Ganges were necessary to procure them admission to heaven. Neither *Sagara* nor his successors *Ansumán* and *Dilipa* were able to effect the descent of Ganga, this being reserved for the Son and successor of the latter, *Bhagí Rath*. The austerities of this prince successively propitiating *Brahmá*, *Umá*, and *Mahádeva*, the Ganges was by their power compelled to flow over the Earth, following *Bhagí Ratha*, to the Sea, and

Deign heavenly mother to bestow thy care
On this thy daughter, and with emulous love,
Like chaste *Arundhati*—her days defend.

Laksh. See—**Bharudwāja's* hermitage—the road
To *Chitrakúta*,† and the sable tree
That shades *Kálinđi's*‡ borders.

Sita. Does my Lord
Recall these scenes to memory.

Ram. Could it be,
That I should ever cease to recollect them.
I see you now, as on my breast reclined
And in my arms sustained, that delicate frame,
Exhausted with the long and weary way,

thence to *Pátála* where the
ashes of his ancestors were lav-
ed by its waters. The Ganges
was called *Bhágirathí* in honour
of the king, and the ocean term-
ed *Ságara* in commemoration
of *Sagara* and his Sons. *Rámá*
l. 35.

* The accounts of this indi-
vidual are rather obscure, but
he was a Muni and expounder
of the *Vedas*. In some places
he is called the Son of *Vrihas-*
pati, and in the *Hari vans* is
said to have been adopted
by *Bharata* as king of *Pratish-*
thana. In the *Rámáyana* he
appears as a Sage residing at
Prayága or Allahabad where a
temple dedicated to him still
exists. In the *Mahábhárat* he is
described as residing at Haridwar

and the father of *Drona* the
military preceptor of the *Pan-*
dava and *Kaurava* princes. He
is also the parent of *Arundhati*
the wife of *Vasishttha*.

† A mountain not far from
the south bank of the Jumna,
Ráma's first residence in his exile
and according to the *Rámáyana*
at that time the seat of *Valmi-*
kis hermitage. Many temples
and establishments of *Vaishnava*
ascetics exist at this spot, now
called *Chitrakote*, and it is at dif-
ferent seasons a place of great
resort.

‡ The *Kálinđi* is the Jumna
river, the daughter of *Kalinda*,
a name of the sun. The tree
should be the imperishable *Bér*
tree, which has long been famed
at *Allahabad*, and which is

Sinks in overpowering slumber.

Laksh. Behold *Virádha** who denies admission
To †*Vināya*'s thickets.—

Sita. He is too horrible

Mark where my Lord collects the broad Palm leaves —
And weaves a shade to screen me from the sun.

Ram. We come to where amidst the Southern forests,
By mountain brooks the holy sages dwell,
And here they spread their simple stores,‡ and cheer
The stranger guest with hospitable rite.

Laksh. From craggy precipices start the streams,
And fall like rushing rains into the channel,
Where amidst hanging rocks, and chasms deform,

still represented by a withered stem in the cave of *Pátála puri* on which it is now traditionally
venerated.

underground, but it should appear from the text that it grew in day light, and the play probably preceded the construction of the cavern—there was no doubt a very ancient and venerable Fig tree at Allahabad, perhaps for some centuries, for it is alluded to in various vocabularies, as *Medini* &c. it is also described in the *Kāsikhandā* and *Kurma Purāna*—the first notice however is in the *Rāmāyana* (B. 2 Sect. 41 & 42.) *Rāma* with his wife and brother resting under the shade of it, after crossing the Jumna, so that not only was the tree in the open air, but it was on the opposite side of the River to that

* A Demon of formidable size and aspect, the son of *Kā'a* and *Satahradā* residing in *Dandakā-ranya* and encountered by *Rāma* on his leaving the hermitage of *Atri*.—Having seized *Sitā*, and threatened to devour the princes, he was attacked by them and slain by *Rāma*. *Rāmāyana* B. I. Sect. 7. 8.

† The *Vindhya* mountains extend across central India, and throw out branches behind *Agra* and *Dehli* to the North, and on the South to the extremity of the Peninsula.

‡ Or, dress a handful of the *Nivara* or wild rice.

And clustering thickets closed against the day,
Winds the *Godáveri* her arduous course.

Ram. Recall'st thou love our humble happy dwelling,
Upon the borders of the shining stream,
Where every hour in fond endearments wrapped,
Or in sweet interchange of thought engaged,
We lived in transport, not a wish beyond
Each other, reckless of the flight of time.

Laksh. See* *Panchávatí* next, and here behold
The demon *Súrpanakhá*.†

Sita. Ha, my dear Lord.

Behold—(as if alarmed.)

Ram. How now—afraid of separation,
Tis but a picture love.

Sita. I cannot chuse

But suffer terror at so vile a presence.

Ram. The sad events that *Janasthána** witnessed
Are here too truly traced. Although gone by ;
The cunning of the fiend, the frowns of fate
That robbed me of my dearest treasure, still,

* The forest along the *Godaveri*.

† The sister of *Ravána* a female fiend of hideous form and sanguinary propensities. Having seen *Ráma* on the banks of the *Godaveri* she offered herself as a bride to him, and on his refusal to *Lakshmana*, but both rejecting her advances, she attempted to destroy *Sítá*, on which *Laksh-*

mana by his brother's commands cut off her nose and ears.—She fled to her brothers *Khura* and *Dushana*, and incited them to revenge her. *Rámay.* B. III. Sect. 23. 24.

‡ According to the comment, this place in the present age is called *Nasik*, situated on the *Godaveri*, not far from the western Ghats, and a place of pilgrimage.

Are anguish to my heart. Here—lonely left,
The forest saw my griefs, and senseless things,
The rugged rock—the eternal adamant,
Dissolved in pity of my lorn complainings.

Sita. Nor grieved my Lord alone, my every joy
Was dashed to earth when I beheld myself
Torn from thy arms.

Laksh. Let us avert our thoughts,
To subjects more auspicious—here, observe
Displayed, the valour of the great *Jatáyu*,
The ancient monarch of the winged tribes
Of days coeval with a *Menu's* reign
From *Kasyapa* descended*—Here, extend,
The forests of the west, where from the gloom
The headless sprite† our devious path arrested.

* *Jatáyu* a bird of divine nature and descent, and preternatural longevity, the son of *Gaurura*, the son of *Kasyapa*. He was the friend of *Dasaratha* and on one occasion saved his life; that Prince having gone to the ecliptic to rescue *Rohini* from the hands of *Sani*, his carriage was consumed by a glance from the eye of the latter. *Dasaratha* falling was caught and sustained by *Jatáyu* on his expanded wings. When *Sitá* was carried off by *Ravana*, *Jatáyu* attempted to stop him, but was slain by the *Rákshasa*.

† This *Kabandha* or Headless Monster is possibly the original of the Anthropophagi of the East, and the “men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.” He is described as vast as a mountain, of a sable hue, without legs, but with arms a league long, a formidable mouth in his belly, and a single eye of vast dimensions in his breast. He seized with his long arms both *Ráma* and *Lakshmana* with an intention to devour them, but the princes extricated themselves by cutting off his arms. The monster then enquiring

The mountain **Rishyamuka* see, and here
 The dwelling of *Matanga*.†—This, the ‡dame
 Whose life of penance now obtained reward.

who they were, and being informed of their names, and lineage, rejoiced in his mutilation as the means of freeing him from a form to which he had been metamorphosed from that of a handsome *Dánava*, the grandson of *Danu* one of the wives of *Kasyapa*, in consequence of the imprecation of a *Rishi* named *Sthula Sira* as a punishment for his frightening the Ascetics by assuming hideous shapes. The effects of the curse were produced by his defying Indra, who in the contest struck off his head and legs with his thunderbolt but could not kill him, as he had obtained the boon of longevity from *Brahmá*. The appearance of *Ráma* was the term of his transformation, and his body being burnt by his desire, he recovered his original shape and returned to *Swerga*—previously directing *Ráma* to seek the residence of *Sugirwa*. *Ramayana. Aranyakanda* 82. 83. 84.

* This mountain and the scenes in its vicinity alluded to are said to be known by the same appel-

lations in the neighbourhood of *Ahagundi* a part of the Dekhin the maps of which are disgracefully defective. The mountain itself was the residence of the deposed monarch of the Monkies *Sugriva*. It comprised of course the whole of the tract about the sources of the *Pampa*, but in the *Rámáyana*, *Ráma* passes them before he comes to the dwelling of the monkey chief.

† On the ascent to the mountain occurs the forest of *Matanga* or the *Meghaprabha* wood, in which the trees never wither and the flowers never fade. The Saint and his disciples had long disappeared, but his hermitage had remained inaccessible to noxious or inimical beings, and the cooking utensils left by him awaited in perfect order the arrival of *Ráma*, being destined for his accommodation.

‡ A *Savari* or female forester named *Sravaná* who had attended on *Matanga's* disciples, and whose ascension to *Swerga* was to be the reward of her acting as guide to *Ráma*.

Here are the sources of the *Pampa*,* where
The grief of *Ráma* broke beyond restraint
And fast descending tears at intervals,
Concealed from view the beauties of the scene.†
Here, mark the Son of air, the monkey chief,
Of strength resistless, and wide wasting wrath.
The guardian of the world—the firm ally
Of *Raghu's* race—illustrious *Hanumán*

Ram. Reverence and glory to our hero friend.
Here let us pause—for every scene suggests
Heart rending recollections.

Laksh. But a moment—
Regard the deeds incredible, the hands
Of Monkey warriors in their rage achieve—
Here—view our triumph‡—¶ Now we close the scene.

Sita. My dearest Lord this picture has inspired
A foolish fancy—may I give it utterance.—

Ram. Fear not to speak it love.

Sita. I long once more to wander through the shades§
Of the brown woods, and plunge amidst the wave
Of *Bhagirathi's* cool translucent stream.

* A river rising in the *Rishya muka* mountain and flowing into the *Tungabhadra* below *Anagbondi*.

† Not however before expatiating upon them at great length, at least in the *Rámáyana*. *Aranyakand* last section.

‡ The death of *Rávana*, and defeat of his troops, with the capture of *Lanká*.

¶ A few exclamatory sentences are henceforward omitted, and the description of the Picture is compressed.

§ *Sita's* exposure required her own concurrence which the desire she has just intimated affords. It is also ominous of what is to follow.

Ram. Lakshmana.

Laksh. I understand you—and will order forth
The easy rolling car without delay ;
As such desires the learned have declared
Should speedily be gratified.—*

Exit.

Sita. But you will sure be with me my good Lord

Ram. Cruel : what need to ask your *Ráma* this.

Come, let us enter this pavilion, love.

Sita. Most willingly—unusual lassitude

Creeps oer my frame, and wooes me to repose.

Ram. Recline, on me, thy couch—and round my neck

Throw those dear arms, more lovely than the band

Of moon gems melting in the lunar ray,

As start the pearly drops.

What can this mean—a sudden transport glows

In every nerve—shedding such strange emotion

I know not whether it be pain or pleasure—

If poison parch my veins, or I have quaffed

The maddening wine cup—can such magic hid

In this fair touch—thus overcome my nature.

Sita. It is thy constant love. No charms of mine.

Ram. Thy tender voice revives life's languid blossom ;

And whilst its sound subdues each softening sense,

It comes like heavenly nectar on the ear,

And pours its balmy medicine on the soul.

Sita. Dear flatterer cease—here let us taste repose

* The term *Dohada* usually signifies the desire of a pregnant woman or longing to which the Hindus attach equal importance as did the nations of Europe.

Looking round.

Ram. What seeks my *Sitá*.—Be these arms thy pillow,
 Thine, ever since the nuptial knot united us,
 Thine, in the days of infancy and youth,
 In lonely thickets, and in princely palaces,
 Thine ever——thine alone.

Sita. True—true—my ever kind and cherished Lord.
(*Sleeps.*)

Ram. Her latest waking words are words of love,
 And nought of her but is most dear to me.
 Her presence is ambrosia to my sight ;
 Her contact fragrant sandal ; her fond arms
 Twined round my neck are a far richer clasp
 Than costliest gems, and in my house she reigns,
 The guardian goddess of my fame and fortune—
 Oh, I could never bear again to lose her.

ENTER Attendant.

Att. My Lord there waits—

Ram. Who ?

Att. Your personal attendant *Durmukha*.

Ram. He brings me word of what reports are spread
 Amongst the citizens—go—bid him enter.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

*ENTER Durmukha.**

Dur. (*To himself.*) How can I venture to communicate
 The idle rumours of the giddy people—
 Would that the task had never been assigned me.

Sita. (*In her sleep.*) Where art thou dearest *Ráma*.

Ram. She dreams that I have left her—or the view

* The *Kanchuki* or chamberlain ; an old Brahman is the fittest person,

Of our poutrayed adventures has disturbed
 Her gentle slumbers—ah—how blest is he,
 Who ever dwells in long confirmed affection,
 Alike in pleasure or in pain, whose heart
 Reposes tranquilly in every fortune,
 And on whose waning, as his budding life,
 Love constant waits—Oh how can fate be won,
 To grant such happiness.

Dur. Hail to the King.

Rám. What hast thou to report.

Dur. The people are ill pleased—the general cry
 Is, *Rámabhadra* disregards his subjects.

Rám. What reason have they thus to think of me.
 Declare what fault they charge me with.

Dur. Tis thus they talk (*whispers.*)

Rám. Shame on the vile traducer who assails,
 Domestic happiness—no common means
 Redeemed* *Vaidehí* from the former scourge
 Of foul calumnious tongues—yet scandal foams
 Like a mad hound with still o'erflowing venom.
 What's to be done—alas—what choice remains.
 The general good must be preferred. To that,
 My father sacrificed his son—his life—
 And I must do my duty—Now it chances,
 As by the sage *Vasishttha* 'twas foretold.
 My noble ancestors—the lofty race
 That boast the sun their sire, have bequeathed
 A spotless reputation to my keeping ;
 And how shall I deserve the glorious charge,
 If calumny attach to aught that's mine.

* *Sitá.*

Daughter of sacrifice — Fair child of Earth ;
 Glory of *Janaka's* exalted race ;
 The loved of Sages and their sainted dames ;
 Casket of *Ráma's* being ; Cheering light
 Of the dark forest dwelling — Utterer
 Of tender eloquence — Alas, what cause
 Has rendered destiny thy ruthless foe.
 All thy good deeds distorted turn to ill ;
 All thy munificence awards thee shame ;
 And whilst thou art about to give the world
 A worthy Lord — that world, ingrate, condemns,
 Thee, to a widowed solitary home,
Durmuk'ha go — bid *Lakshmana* attend,
 To lead the queen to exile.

Dur. How so my Lord — must she whose spotless fame
 The flame has evidenced ; in whom there live
 The hopes of *Raghu's* line — be banished hence ;
 To please a thankless and malignant people.

Ram. Nay — blame them not — no lack of love or honour
 Towards the royal house, but adverse destiny
 Instils these thoughts — they witnessed not the act
 Of virtue's wondrous triumph — and their doubts
 Are venial — go — perform our bidding.

Dur. Alas poor queen. [Exit.

Ram. Cruel task — I have become a Savage —
 The wife whose every day has passed with me
 In tenderness and confidence, I yield,
 Like a domestic bird, to sacrifice.
 Wretch that I am — why shall my touch impure
 Pollute these charms — hold me not thus — let loose
 Your tender grasp, dear *Sitá*, from a man

Whom every crime degrades. You think, you cling
 Around the *Sandal's* fragrant trunk, and clasp
 The baleful Poison tree—let go—thus—thus

Detaches himself and rises.

What now is life—a barren load—the world—
 A dreary—arid—solitary wild—
 Where can I hope for comfort—sense was given me
 Only to make me conscious of affliction,
 And firmly bound in an unyielding frame.
 Departed sires—prophets and sages—all
 Whom I have loved and honoured,* and all ye,
 Who have shewn honour and regard for *Ráma*;
 Celestial flame—auspicious parent, Earth—
 To whom amongst ye, dare I raise my voice,
 What name may I invoke, nor wrong its sanctity.
 Will ye not shrink from my solicitation
 As from an outcast's touch—from me, who chase
 My wife, the honour of my house, away,
 And doom *Katoragerbhát*† to despair,
 Like a dread offering to infernal fiends.

Bows down to Sita's feet.

Adored *Vaidehi*—for the last—last time
 Thy lovely feet exalt the head of *Ráma*.

Without. Help—help for the Brahman Tribe—

Ram. How now.

ENTER *Messenger.*

Mess. The assembled Sages on the *Yamuna's* bank,

* The term is *Abrahmanyam* *Brahmans*, and their incurring
Abrahmanyam implying the some distress.
 absence of protection to the † *Sita*.

Disturbed amidst their ritual by *Lavana**

The demon, fly to *Ráma* for protection.

Ram. Still this profane intrusion—I will send,

†*Satrughna*, to chastise this impious son,

Of *Kumbhinasí*. (*Going, looks back.*)

Alas my queen—what will become of thee.

Goddess divine, all bearing Earth—protect

This, thine own daughter—at the solemn rite,

By thee brought forth : the only stay of *Janaka*,

The sole remaining hope of *Raghu's* race.

[*Exit.*

Sita. (*Waking.*) Oh my loved husband—Ah—deceived

By evil dreams I call on him. How—gone

Left me alone—asleep—well—well ;

I will be very angry with thee, *Ráma*.

I will henceforth be mistress of myself,

Suppress my foolish fondness, and will learn

Henceforth to chide thee—who attends—how now

ENTER *Durmukha*.

Dur. Prince *Lakshmana* requests you will be pleased

To come and mount his chariot.

Sitá. I will come—

But gently my good friend, the pleasing load

* The Son of the *Asura* weapon. *Lavana* was sovereign of *Mathurá* to the government of which his conqueror succeeded. *Mathura* was previously called *Madhuvana* or *Madhupuri* the grove or city of the demon *Madhu*.
Madhu, by *Kumbhinasí* the daughter of *Visravas* and sister of *Ravana*. He inherited from his father, a Trident presented by *Sivá* to *Madhu* the holder of which was invincible. *Satrughna* subdued and slew him by surprising him without his

† The youngest of his Brothers.

I bear, retards my steps—Accept my homage,
 Gods of the race of *Raghu* and of *Janaka*,
 Feet of my honoured Lord, and all
 Propitious Saints.—

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE *JANASTHANA* FOREST.

ENTER * *Atreyi* a female ascetic.

I see the genius of these groves approach.

She bears her flowery tribute†—

ENTER *Vásanti* the Dryad of *Janasthána* with
flowers which she presents.

Vas. Hail holy Dame—thy presence brings‡
 Delight to all our groves and springs—
 Thy blessing and thy prayers be mine—
 These fountains and these bowers are thine.
 Here, in the tall tree's shade repose
 Where cool the limpid current flows,
 And feast upon the blameless root,

* The wife of the sage *Atri*,
 more usually termed *Anasuyá*,
 the daughter of *Kerdama Rishi*.

† She comes with an *Arghya*
 a present indicative of respect
 to a superior. It matters not
 of what it consists, and in this
 case is appropriately of flowers.

‡ The conversation of Mytho-
 logical personages is so little
 attractive in general, that I have
 attempted to give it relief in
 this *Drama* by a lighter mea-
 sure, at the expence sometimes
 perhaps of close fidelity.

Or pluck the overhanging fruit,
 The fitting fare of those who dwell,
 In silent grove and hermit cell,
 And consecrate the calm retreat,
 With pious thoughts and converse sweet.

Atr. (*Takes the present*)

Kindness of heart, and gentleness of speech
 Modest demeanour—innocence of thought—
 Unsullied nature—and devout associates—
 These are the charms and mystic powers of virtue,
 And with sincerity united, hallow
 The grossness of existence.

[*Sits.*

Vas. Tell me venerable Dame—

Who thou art, and what thy name.

Atr. Behold in me the wife of *Atri*.*

Vas. Tell me—Partner of the Seer,

What thy holy purpose here—

Atr. Amidst these forests dwells the great *Agastya*,†

And many other holy teachers here

With him reside—from them, I come, to learn

The holy *Vedas*, having lately left

The lessons of *Vālmiki*.‡

* One of the will-born sons of *Brahmā*, and progenitor of the moon. India, to *Kolapur*, where he continued to reside, and appears to have been mainly instrumental in introducing the Hindu Religion into the Peninsula.

† *Agastya* was the son of *Mitra* and *Varuna* conjointly and born in a water jar along with *Vasishtha*. Having commanded the *Vindhya* mountain to lie prostrate till his return, he repaired to the South of *Agastya* settled at *Chitrakūta* at the time of *Rāma's* exile but at this time *Bithur*.

Vas. Yet wise,* *Prachetas*' son—his mind
 The deepest, darkest, truths can find,
 And on him other sages wait,
 Familiar with the laws of fate,
 The book of *Brahm* were there made clear—
 Why then this weary journey here.

Atr. I'll tell thee Spirit—In *Válmiki*'s bower
 What causes were there of delay and hindrance
 To interrupt the weighty task—Attend.
 Borne by some Deity, two infant children,
 Of more than common natures, at the hermitage
 Arrived, and from their holy studies whiled
 The gravest sages—nay the very animals
 Confessed the same surprising fascination.

Vas. Their names

Atr. *Kusa* and *Lava* were the names assigned
 By their celestial guardian, and in proof
 They were not of mere mortal race, they brought
 Along with them the arms of heavenly fabric.
 The sage received them ; and with care paternal
Válmiki rears them—in their earliest years

* *Válmiki* was the son of *Va-* *Râma* reversed or *Mara, Mara,*
runa, the regent of the water in the inaudible repetition of
 one of whose names is *Prache-* which he remained immoveable
tas. According to the *Adhyât-* for thousands of years, so that
ma Râmâyana, the sage, although when the Sages returned to the
 a *Brahman* by birth, associated same spot, they found him still
 in his youth with foresters and there, converted into a *Valmika*
 robbers: attacking on one occa- or ant hill by the nests of the
 sion the seven *Rishis*, they ex- Termites, whence his name of
 postulated with him successfully, *Válmiki*.
 and taught him the mantra of

The use of arms was their especial study,
 But when they saw ten summers, he invested them
 After the kingly fashion with the cord,*
 And placed the holy *Vedas* in their hands.
 Such is their aptness, they have far excelled
 The oldest scholars, whose less active intellects,
 Toil after them in vain—The mind alike,
 Vigorous or weak, is capable of culture,
 But still bears fruit according to its nature—
 'Tis not the teacher's skill that rears the scholar—
 The sparkling gem gives back the glorious radiance
 It drinks from other light, but the dull earth
 Absorbs the blaze, and yields no gleam again.

Vas. 'Tis justly urged, and this compels
 Thy feet to seek our saintly cells.

Atr. Another cause disturbed our pious studies—
 The sage *Válmíki* in his walk, where *Tamasá*,†
 A placid current glides, beheld a fowler
 Strike to the ground, one of a gentle pair
 Of birds, that murmured love upon the bank.
 Filled with affliction at the piteous sight
 The sage gave utterance to his wrath, and prompted
 By the inspiring goddess,‡ thus proclaimed

* A thread worn by the thread of the military class is three first orders of the Hindus made of flax, and should be put over the left shoulder and under on between the ages of ten and the right arm. It is imposed twenty two.
 with much solemnity as part of † A small river near *Chitra-*
 the ceremony of regeneration, *kole* commonly called the *Tonse*.
 whence the three castes are term- ‡ *Saraswatí* or *Váni* the god-
 ed *Dwijas* or twice-born. The dess of speech and eloquence.

His thoughts in unpremeditated verse.

“ Hope not, Barbarian, length of days to know

“ Whose hand could deal so merciless a blow,

“ One of a harmless pair could thus destroy,

“ Consigned to death, amidst the thoughts of joy.”*

Vas. ’Twas genius spoke, and first on earth

A heaven descended art had birth.

Atr. The verse was scarcely uttered when—lo—*Brahmá*,

Appeared before the sage, and thus addressed him ;

“ Thy Spirit is awakened—now thou feelest

“ The present God, whose soul is eloquence.

“ Complete thy task—declare in lofty strain

“ The deeds of *Ráma* to the listening world.

“ This day, the new born ray of heavenly knowledge

“ Breaks on thy sight—First Poet amongst men.”

This said he disappeared—the sage obeyed

And first of mortals, clothed in measured language,

The actions and events of human beings.

Vas. To all the world the sacred tongue

Of gods and *Veds*, shall hence belong.†

Atr. ’Tis true, and thus on our retired studies

Profane intrusion may be apprehended.

Enough—I now have rested—Friendly spirit

Show me the way, to great *Agastya’s* dwelling.

Vas. The road through *Panchavati* leads ;

And here across the stream proceeds.

* The original here inserts † The literal expression is
the *Stanza* of the *Rámáyana*, *Hanta*, *Pandita Sansára*—Alas,
I. 2. 18. which is there also the world is learned.
stated to be the first *Sloka* or
Stanza ever composed.

Atr. The clear *Godávari*—yonder extends
Prasavana, whose high tops touch the clouds;
 This is the sacred forest, *Janasthána*,
 And thou if I mistake not art *Vásanti*.

Vas. You speak my name.

Atr. These scenes suggest most painful recollections.
 My poor child *Jánaki*, twas here thy fate
 Once placed thee, and I think I see thee still,
 Although, alas, thy name is all that's left
 Of one who was so dear to me.

Vas. How say you—does aught ill attend,
 The fortunes of my dearest friend.

Atr. Not evil fortune only—evil fame (*whispers.*)

Vas. Alas, alas, relentless fate,
 Is there no limit to thy hate. (*faints.*)

Atr. Revive my child—be comforted.

Vas. Such gentle *Sítá*, beauteous queen,
 Thy destiny hath ever been.
 Ah *Ráma* ! but I will not chide—
 Declare *Atreyi*, what beside,
 Befell my hopeless friend, conveyed
 By *Lakshmana* to forest shade.

Atr. It is not known.

Vas. But where—oh where—
 Was then *Vasishtha's* guardian care:
 Where was *Arundhati* divine,
 And all the chiefs of *Raghu's* line ;
 The ancient Queens—Were all content,
 To mark unmoved such sad event.—

Atr. The elders of the race had all repaired

To *Rishyasringa's* hermitage—but late,
 The twelve years rite is finally effected.
 They quit the hermit—but *Arundhati*
 Returns not to *Ayodhyá* whilst deprived
 Of *Sítá*, and with her the Queens agree.
 'Twas therefore by *Vasishta* counselled, they
 Should for a while be tenants of those groves,
 Where wise *Válmiki* and his pupils dwell.

Vas. — And what doth *Ráma*.

Atr. He prepares —

An* *Asvamedh* —

Vas. What female shares

The solemn rite—I fear him wed

To some new Queen.—

Atr. 'Tis idly said.

A golden image of his cherished *Sítá*

The sacrifice partakes.

Vas. 'Tis well.

He holds his faith—yet hard to tell

Men's hearts—the purest comprehend

Such contradictions, and can blend

The force to bear, the power to feel,

The tender bud, and tempered steel.

Atr. Already the pure steed, oer whom the charms

By *Vámadeva* spoken, are pronounced,

Is loosed to roam at will—his guards attend

According to the ritual. By the son

Of *Lakshmana*, the noble *Chandraketu*,

Arrayed in mail, and with bright weapons armed,

* The solemn sacrifice of a horse.

From heavenly arsenals, the bands are led—
 Scarce went they forth, when lo, a *Brahman* brought
 His son's dead body to the palace gate,
 And called for succor to the *Brahman* tribe.
 Reflecting, when unseasonable death
 Afflicts his people, that the monarch's faults
 Must be the cause, full sorely *Ráma* grieved,
 When to console him came a voice from heaven
 Commanding him go forth, and seek *Sambúka*—
 One of an outcast origin, engaged
 In pious penance—he must fall by *Ráma*,
 And then the *Brahman's* son will live again.
 This heard the king assumed his arms—ascended
 His car celestial, and he traverses
 Even now the realms in quest of this Ascetic.

Vas. Speed *Ráma*—speed—the foe inhales
 In these deep shades the healthful gales,
 His only sustenance : but now,
 Thy coming terminates his vow ;
 And thy blest steps shall spread around,
 New glories on this sainted ground.

Atr. Come friendly spirit, haste we hence.

Vas. I lead—the sun with glow intense,
 Shoots through the sky, and drives to shade
 The silent songsters of the glade.
 Alone amidst the loftiest boughs,
 The dove repeats her tender vows.
 By tangling branches overhead
 A cooling gloom beneath is spread,
 Where rests the elephant, reclining

Against the ancient trunk, or twining
 His tusk around the branchy bower
 He scatters round a leafy shower,
 Of flowery buds, that falling seem
 An offering to the sacred stream,
 Whose crystal waters placid flow
 Along the verdant shore below—

[*Exeunt.*

ENTER *Ráma* in his car.

(*With his sword drawn.*)

Hand—thou hast done thy duty, and let fall
 The sword of vengeance on the *Súdra's* head,
 To grant existence to the *Brahman's* son.
 This act was worthy him of whom thou'rt part—
 Not such thy deed, when thrusting *Sítá* forth
 To bear her burthen to the lonely woods.

ENTER* *Sambúka* as a celestial spirit.

Sam. Glory to *Ráma*, death's terrific king
 Awed by thy prowess, renders back to life
 The *Brahman's* son—the youth is with his sire.
 Thou art the benefactor of mankind.
 To thee I owe the honours that attend
 My present state, to be obtained alone
 By acts of piety, not bought with gold.

Ram. Long may your happiness endure ;
 Long may you live a tenant of those realms
 To which your penances have raised you ; where
 The pure and unimpassioned sages dwell,
 And taste the bliss that recompenses virtue.

* Having been killed by divine hands he of course obtained deification.

Sam. Not to my penance, but to thy benevolence
 I owe this exaltation ; yet I wrong
 The force of my devotions — which have brought thee
 In quest of such an abject worm as I.
 Thou shouldst be sought out by the world, its great
 And powerful defence—yet thou hast deigned
 To quit *Ayodhyá* for the *Dandak* forest,
 And hither bend thy steps in search of me.

Ram. And is this *Dandaka* : do I once more
 Behold the vast, the venerable shades,
 Awful and dark with aged trees, and echoing
 With roaring torrents from surrounding hills.
 The haunt of pious seers, and holy pilgrims.

Sam. This is the scene of thy triumphant prowess
 Where countless demons fell beneath thy sword*
 Hence *Janasthána's* timid denizens
 Pass their calm days in undisturbed devotion.

Ram. Lies *Janasthána* here.

Sam. Towards the South,
 It skirts these thickets, through whose spacious bounds
 Wander at will the monsters of the wild.
 Fierce o'er the mountain stalks the ravenous Tiger,
 Or lurks in gloomy caves ; through the thick grass
 Curls the vast Serpent, on whose painted back
 The Cricket chirps, and with the drops that dew
 The scales allays his thirst. Silence profound
 Enwraps the forest, save where babbling springs
 Gush from the rock, or where the echoing hills
 Give back the tiger's roar, or where the boughs

* Or in the text 14014 principal, *Khara*, *Dushana* and *Rákshasas* besides the three *Trisirá*.

Burst into crackling flame, and wide extends
The blaze the dragon's fiery breath has kindled.

Ram. I recognise the scene, and all the past
Rises to recollection—these drear shades
Appalled not *Sitá*, well content to brave
The forest gloom with *Ráma* at her side.
Such was her wonderful love, that cheerfully
She trod the wild. What wealth need man desire,
Who in the fond companion of his life,
Has one, that shares his sorrows, and disperses
The thought of pain with exquisite delight.

Sam. Dismiss such melancholy thoughts; observe
The peafowl's glorious plumage, as he lights
Beneath yon copse—behold, through tufted grass
Where come the trooping deer, bounding to covert,
Nor fear the gaze of man: there cooling fall
The sparkling torrents; as they flash beneath
The overhanging willows, or the boughs
Laden with fruit declining to the stream,
And vocal with innumerable choristers.
The she-bear growls along the flowery brink,
And from the incense bearing tree, the elephant
Snaps the light branch, and all its gum exudes,
And breathes rich perfume through the balmy air—
I quit thee Lord; to visit with thy leave,
Ere I ascend to heaven, *Agastya's* cell

Ram. Be thy path propitious.

[*Exit Sambuka.*

'T was here that long and happily I dwelt,
Ere other duties. and the cares of empire

Disturbed my tranquil joys—but such our lot —
 Each various station has its proper claim—
 The hermit's calm suits not the rank of king,
 Nor kingly state the peaceful hermitage.
 Scenes of repose, with lavish nature graced ;
 Haunts undisturbed of timid birds and deer ;
 Streams decorated with the untrodden fringe
 Of flowery blossoms, and luxuriant creepers,
 I know ye well. Yon distant wavy ridge,
 Like a faint line of low descending clouds,
 Defines *Prasravana*, whose lofty crest
 Was once the vulture king, *Jatáyu's*, seat ;
 And from whose sides precipitously falls
 The broad *Godáveri*—At the hill foot,
 And on the margin of the stately wood,
 Where the dark trees upon whose branches, bowed
 Into the broad *Godaveri*, the birds
 Sang sweet and oft, our leafy cottage stood.
 And here is *Panchávali*, long the witness
 Of our contented stay, and the abode
 Of *Sita's* dearest friend the fair *Vasantí*
 The kindly genius of these ancient Shades.
 Alas, how changed my fortune—Sad I pine
 In lonely widowhood—affliction sheds
 A deadly venom through my veins—despair
 Like a barbed arrow shot into my heart
 There sticks, and rankles in its cureless wound.
 Let me beguile the hour, and try to lose
 The memory of my sufferings, as I gaze
 Once more on these dear scenes : yet even they

Are not unchanged : where once the river flowed
 A verdant bank extends, and where the trees,
 Close wove, denied admittance to the day,
 An open champain bares its breast to heaven—
 Scarce could I deem the spot the same, but still
 The mighty landmarks tower aloft, and round
 The same tall mountains mingle with the skies.

[*Sambúka returns.*

Sam. All hail to *Ráma*—thus *Agastya* wills—
 His glorious spouse the tender *Lopamudrá*,*
 And all his pious household—having heard
 Thy presence in these wilds, they pray to see thee
 Ere thou reseek *Ayodhyá*.

Ram. Be it done.

Bear with me, *Punchavati*, that obeying
 The pleasure of the sage, I still presume
 To trespass on thy confines.

Sam. Here lies our path—yonder is tall *Kraunchávat*
 Amidst the dark glens of whose wooded sides,

* *Agastya* having seen his She was named *Lopamudrá* from
 ancestors suspended by their the distinctive beauties (*Mu-*
 heels in a pit, was told by them *drá*) of animals, as the eyes of
 that they could only be ex- deer &ca. being subjected to
 tricated from their position by loss (*Lopa*) in her superior
 his begetting a son. In order charms. When marriageable
 to obtain a wife for this pur- *Agastya* demanded her of her
 pose, he made a girl of the father, and although sorely
 most graceful parts of the ani- against his will, the king was
 mals of the forest and gave her, obliged to consent to her be-
 without his privacy to the king coming the wife of the Sage.
 of *Viderbha* to be his daughter. *Mahábhárat Vana Parva.*

The Raven numerous shrieks, and hoots the Owl,
And whines through whistling caves the shrilly breeze,
And countless Peafowl, with discordant shrieks,
Chase into sapless trunks, and time worn trees,
The frightened snakes. Far to the South extends
The lofty range of hills, whose towering peaks
Are diademed with clouds—whose central caverns
Roar loud with mighty waters, as from the earth
The springs of the *Godáveri* burst forth,
And at whose base, the sacred conflux blends
In one broad stream, the loud encountering torrents.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

THE *DANDAKA* FOREST CONTINUES.

ENTER *Tamasá* and *Muralá*.

Two River Goddesses.

Tam. How now, sister, whither bent.

Mur. By the holy Matron sent,

Lopamudrá, charge of care

To *Godáveri* I bear.

Thus the Matron bids me say.

Ráma still through many a day

Though exterior calmness screen

His sorrow, deeply mourns his queen ;

And his declining form declares

The anguish that his bosom tears :

For soonest shall the soft heart perish,

That loves a secret grief to cherish,

As gourds with coat of clay encased

Earliest into ripeness haste.

Brooding o'er his bosom's woes,

Ráma now desponding goes

Through the forest confines, where

Every object wakes despair.

Fond, he lingers on each spot,

Speaking of a happier lot,

When delightedly he strayed

With his *Sitá*, through the shade.
 Happiness for ever flown,
 Now he weeps, and weeps alone,
 And such sad despairing mood,
 Nursed by gloom and solitude,
 May to fierce distraction grow,
 And the firmest mind o'erthrow.
 Lest such hapless chance befall
 Thou his sinking sense recall.
 Moistened by thy gelid spray
 Cooling breezes round him play :
 Balmy with the lotus bloom
 Shed the breeze its soft perfume :
 So thy friendship shall dispense,
 Freshness on each fading sense

Tam. 'Tis kindly done, but mightier art
 To day performs its surer part.

Mur. What art.

Tam. Attend : 'tis not unknown
 When *Sitá* helpless and alone,
 Left by *Lakshmana*, deplored
 Her hapless fate and cruel lord ;
 The sudden throes of nature came
 Distracting, o'er her tender frame,
 And wild with agony she gave
 Her beauties unto *Ganga's* wave.

Mur. 'Tis true, and in the moment bore,
 Two lovely boys—whom to the shore
 Beneath the wave, the realms of shade,
 The Goddess of the Stream conveyed :

And there with Earth's great goddess, tended,
 With pious pains, till time had ended,
 The first and fond maternal care ;
 When *Ganga* took the nursing pair,
 To wise *Válmiki's* hermitage,
 And gave them to the assenting sage.
 Now grown in strength and sense, appears,
 Each youth beyond his childish years,
 Worthy his high imperial line,
 The holy Sage and nurse divine.

Tam. And now, throughout the regions flies,
 The fame, the fierce ascetic dies,
 In *Janasthána's* drear domain
 By *Rámabhadra's* falchion slain ;
 And *Lopamudrá, Ráma's* grief
 To *Ganga* sends——his sure relief
 The Goddess brings——she comes in haste
 To see *Godávari*——embraced
 Some fair pretext, she hither speeds,
 And with her lovely *Sítá* leads.

Mur. 'Twas wisely thought——amidst affairs
 Of empire, *Ráma's* private cares
 Are scattered—but whilst thus he wends,
 And grief alone his steps attends,
 He feels his loss—but what device
 To *Ráma* shall his queen entice.

Tam. 'Tis thus contrived——the Queen of floods
 Sends *Sítá* to these ancient woods,
 To gather flowers, and with them pay
 Devotion to the God of day,

From whose bright loins the glorious race
Of *Raghu* their high lineage trace.

And homage therefore should be done
This day to their great Sire, the Sun,
For that the lucky knot* has told,
Twelve years their rapid course have rolled,
Since, from the daughter of the Earth,
Kusa and *Lava* drew their birth.

Go forth, exclaimed the Queen, my child
Nor fear the monsters of the wild,
By my command, the forest train
A guard around thee shall maintain ;
By her behest too, I attend
Her tender pupil to defend,
From aught of harm, and hence am found
To day upon this holy ground.

Mur. To *Lopamudrá* I depart,
The blissful tidings to impart.
But who comes here—

Tam. 'Tis *Sitá*: mark—
How lovely through her tresses dark
And floating loose, her face appears,
Though pale and wan, and wet with tears.
She moves along like Tenderness
Invested with a mortal dress ;

* The *Mangala Granthi*. year of a person's life, in the
literally rendered in the text. string or thread which is wound
The expression alludes to the round the paper scroll on which
practice still in use amongst the the calculations of his nativity
Hindus, of making a knot every are inscribed.

Or like embodied Grief, she shines,
That sad oer love in absence pines.

Mur. Bowed down by anxious thought, she droops,
Like the soft lotus as it stoops
Its head, when some rude hand has broken
The slender stem—those sighs betoken
A labouring heart, and withering care
With wasteful hand is busy there
For every limb more fragile shows.—
So when the sun of autumn glows,
The tender leaflet languid lies,
Shrinks in the scorching blaze, and dies.

[*Exit Muralá.*

ENTER Sítá (as described) with flowers.

Sita. 'Tis very strange—methought I heard the voice
Of my dear friend *Vásantí* once again.

Voices in the wood. The elephant is *Sítá's*, whom the Queen
With her own tender hands is wont to feed ;
And now he perishes—as to the stream
He with his mate repairs, a monstrous elephant,
Wild from the woods, approaches to assail him.

Sita. Ah my dear Lord—haste, haste thee to preserve
My favorite from destruction—ah; the view
Of these familiar scenes, suggests to me
Phrases alike familiar once—but now—
Ah me—unhappy—

(*faints.*)

RE-ENTER Tamasá.

Tam. Revive my child.—(*recovering her.*)

Ram. (*Without.*) Here guider of the car—here stay
our course.

Sita. What voice was that—oh—it comes o'er my soul,
Like the low muttering of the thundercloud,
That promises refreshing dews to earth,
And calls me back to life.

Tam. What means this rapture :
Why such delight from inarticulate sounds
Chance uttered.—

Sita. Inarticulate, saidst thou :
To my enraptured ear it seemed
My dear lost Lord had uttered the blest sounds.

Tam. It may be—for 'tis noised amongst mankind,
The subjugation of the ascetic *Sudra*,
Conducts the hero to this ancient forest.

Sita. Thus pays he faithfully the lofty dues
Exacted by his station—but he comes—
Do I again behold him—yes 'tis he ;
His gait declares him—but how pale and thin,
Like the fast waning moon in morning skies.
Oh support me (*throws herself into the arms of Tamasá.*)

Ram. (*Rushing in.*)* Goddess adored
Celestial daughter of *Vidéha's* kings. (*falls fainting.*)

Sita. Ah me—illfated—see his lotus eyes
Close at the sight of me—his deep distress
O'ermasters every sense—Oh save him ! save him !

[*To Tamasá.*

Tam. Dismiss your terrors—you can best restore him :
That gentle hand can bring him back to life.

* In the original *Rama* is when they are again discovered, supposed to fall behind the or in the language of the text, scenes and *Sita* goes out to him, Enter *Rama* fainted.

Sitá. Say'st thou

*(Kneels, takes one of Ráma's hands in one of hers, and
applies the other to his forehead.)*

'Tis so—his spirits are recovering.

Rám. What should this mean: the heavenly balm that wakes

The dead to life is poured into my heart ;

Or from the moon, ambrosial dews descend,

Drop on my soul, and rouse me to existence.

Such is the power that well known touch possesses,

To change insensibility to life,

And cheer the chill of dark despair with hope.

Sita. *(Withdrawing)* Oh this is much for me.

Rám. Why ; was it not

My *Sitá* that restored me.

Sita. Ah—my lord now seeks me

Rám. I will search.

Sita. *(To Tamásá)* I must not meet

His gaze uncalled—He will be angry

That I approach him thus unbid.

Tam. Fear not

By *Bhagavati's* powerfull will, enshrined,

You walk unseen, even by the sylvan deities.

Rám. *Sitá*—loved *Sitá*—no—she is not here.

Where art thou flown—or was it but a dream.

Oft has my fancy anxiously explored

My *Jánaki's* retreat, and now, illusively,

It finds her in these shades.*

* A few speeches that follow also left out, as injurious to the
are here omitted, and several interest of the scene.
subsequent passages have been

(*Behind.*) Help—Help

Or *Sita's* elephant will be destroyed

Ram. My *Sita's* favorite—who dares molest
The animal she loved.

Rises, and is going, Enter Vāsantī.

Vas. The pride of *Raghu* in these honoured groves
Hail, prince !

Sita. My friend *Vāsantī*.

Rám. Do I see

My *Sítá's* dearest friend.

Vas. The same : but speed

To save the elephant—cross the *Godáveri*

Where *Sítá's* name gives virtue to the ford,

Leaving *Jatáyu's* mountain on the right.

Sita. Alas, *Jatáyu* ;

The forest is a waste deprived of thee.

Ram. How many recollections do these names
Sadly recall.

Vas. No more delay—quick follow me—

[*Exeunt.*

Sita. Tell me, dear *Tamasá*, cannot in sooth
The wood nymphs see me.

Tam. What should you doubt —

The might of *Gangá* far exceeds the power
Of every deity.

Sita. Then let us follow

My lord, and my dear friend.

[*Exeunt.*

THE BANKS OF THE GODAVERI.

ENTER *Ráma* and *Vásantí* and afterwards *Sítá* and *Tamasá*.

Ram. Glory to *Godáveri*.

Vas. Now, Prince, secure

The victory to him, whom as a child

Thy princess fondly cherished.

Ram. Live and conquer.

Vas. 'Tis even thus—he triumphs o'er his foe.

Ram. Fate, *Sítá*, has obeyed thee, and the elephant,

Whose sportive frolic pilfered from thine ears,

With blithe and slender trunk, the lotus fibres,

Their fragrant pendants—now in earliest youth,

Defies the mighty monarch of the woods.

Nor less his tenderness than prowess—Mark

The arts he practises to gain the favour

Of his loved mate—as he imbibes the wave

Perfumed with lotus buds, and with his trunk,

Sprinkles the fragrant dew upon her form,

Or rears the broad leaf of the lotus, high

Above her head, to screen her from the Sun

Sita. Well pleased, my *Tamasá*, I view this child

Of my affections, but, alas, the sight

Recalls the memory of far dearer sons.

How fare my boys

Tam. In him, you may behold them—

Such strength and courage as are his, are theirs.

Sítá. Ah me, unhappy—not alone condemned

To separation from my lord, but doomed

To live divided from my children.

Tam. Fate has so willed it.

Sitá. How have I deserved

A doom so harsh—what sins have I committed,
That the sweet faces of my lovely boys,
Shaded with curling locks, and bright with smiles,
Where the red lips the budding teeth display,
Should never know the kisses of a father.

Tam. If fate be gracious, they may know them yet.

Sita. As they recur to memory, my bosom.

Swells with a mothers passion—and their sire
Full in my gaze, I seem once more to live
Blest amongst mortals.

Tam. Truly it is said ;

The love that children waken, is the bond;
That binds their parents strongest to their faith.
And even when the wedded pair are held
By fond affection, still there needs this tie
* To make their happiness compleat and lasting.

Vas. Be seated Prince—here in this plantain grove
Behold the marble which in happier days
Supported thee and *Sitá*—here she sat,
And from her hands gave fodder to the deer
That boldly crowded round their gentle mistress.

Ram. I cannot bear to look upon it. (*weeps.*)

Vas. (*Aside.*) Oh, that my lovely friend, could now behold
The altered state of her once beauteous Lord.

* A few speeches of the dialogue are here, and in some following passages, omitted, merely to compress a scene which being devoid of action is extended to a disproportionate length in the original, especially as the speeches of *Sitá* and *Tamasá* sometimes suspend the conversation of *Râma* and *Vásanti* through an inconvenient interval.

His manly form, whose graces ever new
 Were once the grateful objects of her sight,
 Now shrunk and withered, and by ceaseless grief
 Now pale and haggard his once blooming cheeks.

Aloud. Put forth your brightest fruits and flowers, ye trees;
 Ye breezes breathe the perfume of the lotus;
 And ye soft choristers pour all your voices
 In sweet continuous song, for *Ráma* comes,
 Once more he visits his erst loved domains.

Ram. Here let us rest awhile.

Vas. Permit me ask

How fares the Prince brave *Lakshmana*.

Ram. (*Not hearing her, apart,*)

'Twas in these scenes,
 The gentle *Maithili* delighted fed
 The innocent animals confiding round her.
 Where'er I turn, sad recollections rise,
 And all my heart resolves itself in dew.

Vas. The *Mahárāja* dost not speak of *Lakshmana*.

Ram. (*Apart.*) Her cold respectful manner, and her voice
 With starting tears, broken and indistinct,
 I comprehend—she knows the tale: (*to her*) the Prince
 Is well. (*weeps.*)

Vas. Then why these tears.

Sitá. *Vásantí*—this is cruel—

My Lord demands respect from all, and most
 From those who love me.

Vas. How hadst thou the heart,
 To drive that gentle being from thee—once

She was thy love, thy other, dearer life
 Light of thine eyes, and nectar of thy soul.
 How can such deed be credited of *Ráma*.

Ram. The world compelled it.

Vas. Why.

Ram. It knew no cause.

Vas. Obdurate man, to heed the world's reports,
 Alone, nor reck the scorn that waits the cruel.
 Hast thou forgotten, what disastrous fate,
 Befel the fawn-eyed *Sítá*, when she dwelt
 Before in lonely woods—what then occurred,
 May make thee tremble for what since has chanced.

Ram. What horrible suggestions—yes, I see,
 My *Sítá*, once again, the spoil of fiends—
 In vain, her slender form and lovely looks
 Demand compassion - vainly do those eyes
 Roll wild with terror, fearful as the glance
 Unsteady, of the yearling fawn, and vain
 The tender burthen that she graceful bears,
 To move the savages to pity—where
 Oh, where, abandoned *Sítá*, art thou now.

Sita. My Lord, my honoured—

(Her speech ceases in convulsive struggles.)

Tam. How now my child.

Nay give thy sorrows way, sufferers should speak
 Their griefs—the bursting heart that overflows
 In words obtains relief ; the swelling lake
 Is not imperilled, when its rising waters

Find ready passage through their wonted channel.*

Mark *Rámabhadra*—little cause has he
To thank mankind, yet faithful to his duty,
He labours for their good, who oft have been
The source of ill to him, and still affliction
Unceasing for thy loss preys on his life,
As scorching summers parch the fragile flower.
He knows no pleasures—nor partakes the joys
Of social converse—all the recreation
He covets—solitude, and sighs and tears.

Ram. The haunts of populous life, are not for *Sítá*;
Her home I, know, is some sequestered shade,
Where she may mourn neglected—but by me
And all who pine in misery, her loss—
Be satisfied—is felt—is felt most bitterly

Vas. (*Aside.*) He is much moved, I will divert his thoughts,
To other objects—Look around you, Prince,
And mark the scenes that *Janasthána* offers.
Behold the spot, where in your shady bower
Of twining creepers wove—you often sate,
To watch, impatient, *Sítá's* homeward course,

* *Lit* “By those who are in sorrow their sorrows should be uttered, as the heart in the agitation of grief is upheld by words.”
The sentiment is familiar to the Dramas of Shakespear. Thus in Richard the 3rd.

Eliz. Why should calamity be full of words.

Duch of York. Let them have scope, though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

and in Macbeth.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and makes it break.

From the *Godáveri's* pure stream, and she,
 Who coming marked remote your fond anxiety,
 As fearful of rebuke for long delay—
 Bowed sportively her head, and with closed palms,
 Touched her fair front to deprecate your anger.

Sita. Cruel *Vásantí*—this is unmerciful,
 Thus with heart piercing shafts, incessantly,
 To wound the bosom of my Lord, and mine.

Ram. Relentless *Jánukí* where'er I gaze,
 I view thy charms—in vain, for thou art pitiless.
 My heart is bursting—all my vigour flies me.
 The world is a wide desert—I am burnt
 With inward fires—deep, deep, in thickest gloom,
 My soul is plunged—and all is night around me.

(*faints.*)

Sita. Alas, his senses fail him—as his thoughts
 Revert to me, unhappy—his existence
 The hope of all, is thus again endangered.

Tam. Fear not, your hand revives him.

(*Sítá acts as before.*)

Vas. He recovers.

Ram. Once more, ambrosia,
 Spread o'er each limb, by that celestial hand,
 Restores my parting spirit, and converts
 My sorrows to ineffable delight.
 Joy, joy, *Vasantí*, thou wilt share my joy.—

Vas. Whence is this transport.

Ram. *Sítá*—she is found.

Vas. Where.

Ram. Here—before us—dost thou not see her.

Vas. Why mock my sorrows, why thus rend a heart
Already broken by my *Sítá's* loss.

Ram. I mock thee not ; I could not be deceived ;
Too well I know the touch of that dear hand,
The marriage rite first placed in mine—even now,
Cool as the snow drift to my fevered palm,
And soft as Jasmine buds I grasp it—here—
(*By a sudden effort he catches hold of Sítá's hand.*)

Sita. Alas, I yield. (*struggling.*)

Ram. *Vásantí*—it is real—
This rapture is too much—it quite unmans me ;
'Tis no delusion—touch, and be convinced.

Vas. Alas—he raves. (*Sítá gets away.*)

Ram. 'Tis gone again—I feared it.
The world is rotten at the root—my grasp,
Trembling ill held the tremulous prisoner,
And it has slipped away—what ; no where ; speak,
Pitiless *Vaidéhi*.

Sita. I am rightly called,
To mark this agony, and live.

Ram. Oh where—
Where art thou dearest—hear my call—appear.
Be not unmerciful—oh, fly me not.
'Tis strange—it must be phantasy, or else
Vasantí would have seen her—do I dream—
Does *Ráma* sleep, or doth the mighty power
That framed the universe, and oft delights
To spread delusion, fabricate a phantom,
To cheat me of my senses.

Sita. Nay, loved *Ráma*,

'Tis I who play a phantom, and deceive thee.

Ram. My friend *Vásantí*—those who love me still,
Can gather little pleasure from my presence—
Why should I longer cause thy tears to flow.
Forgive me—let me hence.

Sita. (*To Tamasá.*) Again I lose him.

Taw. Yield not to despair—seek we the feet
Of *Bhagavatí*, to perfect the rites,
That will for *Kusa* and for *Lava* win
Auspicious days to come.

Sita. Oh, let me look,
A little moment longer, on a form,
I never, never, may behold again.

Ram. I go to finish, now, my *Aswamedha*.
I have my bride.—

Sita. What is it that I hear.—

Ram. The image of my *Sitá*
Wrought of pure gold will grace the festival.*

Sita. Thou art indeed the son of *Dasarat'ha*.
My past affliction all is now effaced—
Thrice happy she, whom my loved Lord reveres,
Who glads his heart, and is the hope of nations.

* Thus in the *Alcestis* of *Euripides*, *Admetus* in order to console himself for the loss of his spouse declares, that.

By the hand of skilful artists framed.

Her image shall be placed upon my couch.

The spirit with which *Ráma* has the image of *Sitá* formed is much more worthy of a hero and king: In all his conduct indeed he is vastly superior to *Admetus*, and in the delineation of a situation in some respects similar the Hindu poet is equally superior to the Grecian.

Tam. You speak your own eu'logium love.

Sita. Forgive me. (*seems ashamed*)

You must despise this weakness—

Tam. Let us depart.

Sita. I follow you.

Tam. But with averted eye,

Casting its languid looks, not to the path

The feet should tread—the painful effort strives,

In vain to overcome the strong attraction.

Sita. I bow me to the feet of my dear Lord,

The source of every blessing. (*fainting.*)

Tam. Be of courage.

Sita. Alas, how long am I condemned to watch,

The pale moon struggling through contending clouds.

Tam. How manifold the forms affection takes,

And yet is one unchanged, as water, seen

In bubbles, eddies, billows, is the same

Unaltered element.

Ram. (*In his car—to the charioteer.*) This way, direct
my rapid car.

All. (*Addressing mutually each other.*) May holy mother
Earth,

The empress of the floods, the Bard inspired,

The sage *Vasishtha*, and his pious dame,

Protect your path, and guide you unto happiness.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

THE HERMITAGE OF VALMIKI.

ENTER *Saudhátaki* and *Bhándáyana*.

Two Ascetic Disciples.

Bhan. Behold, *Saudhátaki*, our humble dwelling,
Válmiki's holy hermitage, assumes
The face of preparation—he expects
Unwonted guests to day : the wild deer feed
Upon unusual fragments, and the air
Is filled with savoury odours.*

Sau. There must be
Some wondrous cause, to make our grey beards lay
Their lectures by to day.

Bhan. There is a cause,
And that of no mean import.

Sau. Tell me, I pray you,
What venerable ox may we expect,
To visit us.

Bhan. For shame ; refrain from jests :
The great *Vasishta* hither brings the queens
Of *Dasaratha*, with *Arundhati*,

* The text deals more in particulars; the deer is said to drink the scum of the water in which the ordinary sort of rice as well as wild rice has been boiled and the air is charged with the smell of ghee, boiled rice and vegetables, mixed with the fruit of the *Jujube* in the course of culinary preparation.

From *Rishyasringa*, to our master's dwelling.

Sau. *Vasishtha* is it.

Bhan. The same.

Sau. I crave his pardon—I had thought at least
It was a wolf or tiger we should look for.

Bhan. How so.

Sau. Why else, was there provided
The fatted calf for his regale.

Bhan. Why know you not—

The *Vedas*,* which enshrine our holy law,
Direct the householder shall offer those
Who in the law are skilled, the honied meal,
And with it flesh of ox, or calf, or goat,
And the like treatment shall the householder
Receive from *Brahmans* learned in the *Vedas*.†

* He quotes the text *Sa-mánso Madhuperka*, a rather extraordinary liberty in such a place.

† Some texts of *Menu* would seem to authorise the eating of animal food at all seasons, observing merely the preliminary ceremony of offering a portion of it to the Gods or Manes, like the heroes of *Homer* with whom a sacrifice is only the prelude to a feast, thus.

“Having bought flesh himself, or obtained it by aid of another, he who eats it after worshipping the Gods or Manes commits no sin” *Menu* 5. 32.

“He who eats animals which may be eaten is not defiled by the daily practice of the act, for animals which may be eaten, and those who eat them, were alike created by *Brahmá*. 5. 30. He admits also that animal food has been used by ancient sages, even as nourishment without regard to sacrificial consecration. “Deer and birds were killed by *Brahmans* for sacrifice; also for the nutriment of dependants, as was formerly done by *Agastya*.” 5. 22. However, *Menu* prohibits the expenditure of life for the gratification of the appetite, and restricts

Sau. You must mistake.

Bhan. How so.

Sau. Admit the meal of flesh

Was for *Vasishtha* dressed—why was it not

Alike provided for the royal sage.

To *Janaka* were curds and honey given ;

No flesh.

Bhan. 'Tis true, for though the sages use

the use of animal food to the *Madhuperka* Sacrifice, and offerings to the manes and to the gods. "*Menu* has declared that animals may be killed in offerings to the gods in sacrifice and the *Madhuperka* but not on any other occasion." The *Madhuperka*—here, implies the respectful reception of a guest which included the presentation of a mixture of curds and honey (*Madhu* honey and *Perka* Aspersions) this is the ceremony alluded to in the text—and agreeably to the law of *Menu* meat was added to the offerings, conformably to the text: "Let him offer to a *Brahman* versed in the *Vedas* a large Ox or Goat" *Mitāk* p. 48. Mr. Colebrooke observes that "It seems to have been anciently the custom to slay a Cow on this occasion, and the guest was therefore called a

Goghna or Cow killer"—A. Res. 7. 289. Flesh was also distributed on public occasions when *Brahmans* were assembled, thus, *Yudhishtira* on taking possession of the splendid hall of audience, constructed for him by *Maya Danava*, fed many thousand *Brahmans* with all sorts of viands, including the flesh of bears and deer. The great repugnance to animal diet that now exists amongst the Hindus in some provinces, must have been of comparatively modern origin—we may be satisfied from the above that the *Brahmans* seldom wanted excuses for partaking of it, and the other castes were not likely to be more scrupulous. In fact, the *Kshetriyas* were especially authorized to use it, and never hesitated to avail themselves of the permission,—thus *Rāma* in his peri-

To eat of flesh, yet *Janaka* foregoes
 The practice. Sorrowing for his daughter's fate,
 He leads an anchoret's abstemious life,
 And in the woods of *Chandradwip* has spent,
 Long years of solitude and self denial.

Sau. What brings him here.

Bhan. To see the sage *Válmiki*; and *Kausalyá*
 Is summoned by *Arundhati* to meet
 Her ancient friend *Vaideha*.

Sau. Let us leave

These elders to themselves, and join the youth,
 Who make the utmost of their holiday.

Bhan. Agreed.

See from the dwelling of *Válmiki* comes
 The royal sage—a deep and ceaseless sorrow,
 Preys on his heart, like a destroying fire,

grinations is described by *Válmiki* the dinner of his Spouse and
 as catching killing and cooking himself.

Their thirst allayed the princes ply the chase,
 And a fat stag soon falls beneath their arrows.
 A fire they kindle next and dress their prize
 Then, offering to the gods and manes made,
 With *Sitá* they the social banquet share.—*Rámayana B. 11. Sec. 40.*

The *Mahábharat* however food, placing chariness of life
 has in some places a leaning to amongst the first of virtues, a
 the opposite doctrine, and in the doctrine adopted apparently or
Dána Dherma section, *Bhishma* at least more rigidly professed,
 expatiates to *Yudhishtíra* at in order to compete upon an
 considerable length upon the equal footing with the *Baud-*
 merit of abstaining from animal *dhas* and *Jains*,

That lighted in the trunk of some tall tree,
Consumes unseen its sap—let us withdraw.

[*Exeunt.*]

ENTER *Janaka.*

My anguish, like a sharp toothed saw, corrodes
Incessantly my heart—whene'er I think
Upon my child, my sorrows freshly flow
Like the continuous current of a river.
How hard it is, that neither age nor grief,
Nor penances austere, release my spirit
From this consuming frame—nor dare I loose
The vital spark myself, for deepest hell
Where the Sun never shines, awaits the wretch,
Who lifts his hands against his own existence.
By recollection every hour renewed,
In spite of fleeting years, my griefs survive.
Alas, my *Sitá*, could not all thy virtues
Avert this heavy doom—still to my memory
Recur thy infant charms, thy lotus face,
Chequered with smiles and tears—thy first attempts
To give articulation to thy speech.
Daughter of sacrifice—what now, alas,
Is thy sad portion—Earth, all mighty goddess,
And thou bright sun, the god of *Raghu's* race,
Sages and saints, who should have been her guidance,
Cruel, why left ye *Sitá* to her fate.
Arundhati approaches ; with her comes
The queen of *Dasarat'ha*, my dear friend
Kausalyá. Who shall put his trust in life.
Once in the royal mansion did she shine

The goddess of prosperity—I shame her
 By such comparison—yet, now, she bows
 To tyrant destiny, and pines in anguish—
 Why should I heed my sufferings, when I mark
 The sad reverse she feels ; alas her sight
 That once was bliss, is now as painful to me
 As brine to a raw wound—

ENTER *Kausalyá, Arundhati, and Attendant.*

Arun. You must comply. The sage commands you come
 To meet the king—he is already here —
 Why this reluctance Lady.

Atten. Be advised.

Arouse your firmness, madam, and obey
 The orders of the sage *Vasishth**.

Kau. I obey.

Yet hard the task to face mine ancient friend,
 His grief and mine are one, and mine already
 O'erpowers, my heart—its fibres must give way.

Arun. Such pain is unavoidable—the griefs,
 Man feels when absent from a faithful friend,
 Renew at his encounter, and again
 Extend, and deepen through a thousand channels.

Kau. Alas, how can I meet his gaze, deprived
 Of his beloved child.

Arun. Think, you behold
 In him a venerable relative ;
 To whom the great preceptor of his race,

* The attendant has one or two speeches more which are omitted in the translation. † *Yajñayalkya* a sage and legislator and teacher of one portion of the *Yajur Veda*.

The sacred knowledge of the *Veds* has given.

Kau. I see in him a royal sage, the friend
Of an illustrious sovereign, and the sire
Of her I called my daughter—ah, I dream,
Of other days and joys, that destiny
Has now alas unsparingly destroyed.

Jan. All hail, *Arundhati*, to whom the earth
At twilight bends its waving head in homage :
Whom the three worlds revere, and who enjoyest
The love of him, of sages first and best,
Who lives the source exhaustless of pure light.

Arun. May light supreme illumine thee—may the sun
*That shines eternal, hallow thee.

Jan. My friend ;
How fares the noble mother of the king.

Kau. Alas. (*faints.*)

Jan. What's this.

Arun. Your sight too well recalls
Her lord—her children, and the long past days
Of happiness—now gone — the fond remembrance
O'ercomes her strength—the matron's heart is still
As soft and delicate as the tender flower :

Jan. Alas, that I should be the cause of suffering

* The salutation and reply text of *Janaka's* speech is corrupt, but *Arundhati's* reply is, *Param Jyotis te prakāsatām. Ayam twām punātu Deva Paro Rajā ya eshaḥ tapati*—May supreme light enlighten thee, may this divine light who glows, purify thee.

To one I have not seen so long, the wife
 Of my still cherished friend—united with me
 In closest bonds—dear as my heart, my peace,
 Dear as my person, or my life itself,
 The present fruit and object of my being,
 Or whatsoever else were dearest to me—
 And is not this his wife—and can I give
 Her pain, that does not equally afflict
 My friend, for she was ever one with him,
 In joy and sorrow—Fate is here alone,
 To blame, then let me, as I think of him,
 Forbear to agonise her sinking heart.

Kau. Where art thou, dearest *Jánaki*—methinks
 I still behold thy graceful limbs, as light
 As lunar rays, and mark thy lotus face,
 Budding with playful smiles, and shedding pride
 And fortune on thy marriage celebration,
 As the delighted monarch, called thee child,
 And bade thee sit upon his knee, and termed thee,
 The bride of *Raghu's* loftiest hope, the bond
 Of *Jánaka's* exalted house, and his.

Jan. Imperial *Dasarat'ha*, every way
 Within my heart, thy memory is secured.
 Fathers in social life but rarely prize
 Their daughters, and confine their fond regard
 To those who wed them—but not thus didst thou,
 For *Sitá* ever was to thee a daughter,
 And cherished as thy child—but thou art gone,
 And the dear seed of our alliance blighted.
 Fie upon life—the world is now a hell.

Kau. My child, my *Jánaki*, in vain I mourn thee,
Nor will my life, enfeebled by despair,
Yet bound in chains of adamant, release me.

Arun. Take comfort Princess, give your tears some respite,
Recall the words your pious teacher uttered,
Who prophesied at *Rishyasringa's* dwelling,
'The dews of happiness would yet descend,
And cheer the last days of your closing life.

Kau. I have no relish, now, for worldly happiness.

Arun. You cannot doubt the seer's prophetic sight :
Trust me, what he hath said, will surely be :
Whate'er is uttered by the holy *Brahman*,
Who is the light divine made manifest,
Must come to pass—the blessing which invoked
Propitious *Lakshmí* to the nuptial rite,
Was not unmeaning, nor pronounced in vain —

A noise behind.

Jan. The boys amidst their sports.

Kau. Little suffices to the joys of youth. (*looks out*)
But who is yonder—strong, and light, and active,
He bears the noble port of *Rámabhadra* :
Who should this be—that he so charms my sight.

Arun. (*Apart.*) This must be one that *Bhágirat'hi* named
To me in secrecy—which should it be—
Kusa or *Lava*—we will ascertain.

Jan. In sooth, he bears a strong similitude :
His parted locks, dark as the lotus leaf,
Denote the warrior tribe, and 'mongst his fellows,
He shews a proud pre-eminence—it seems
That *Ráma* once more has become a boy—

Who is this youth that thus delights our sight.

Arun. Some *Kshetriya* lad, who here awhile pursues,
His sacred studies.

Jan. You have rightly judged
His birth : for see, on either shoulder hangs,
The martial quiver, and the feathery shafts
Blend with his curling locks—below his breast,
Slight tintured with the sacrificial ashes,
The deer skin wraps his body: with the zone
Of *Murvá* bound, the madder tinted garb
Descending vests his limbs—the sacred rosary
Begirts his wrist, and in one hand he bears
The *Pípal* staff, the other grasps the bow.*
Arundhati, whence comes he.

Arun. You forget ;
I came here but to-day

Jan. (*To the attendant.*) My worthy friend,
Go to *Válmíkí*, and of him enquire
Who is this boy—and tell the boy himself,
Some aged persons wish to talk with him.

Atten. As you command.

[*Exit.*

* These insignia of the military student are according to *Menu*, with the addition of the ashes of the fuel used in sacrifice, and the bracelet or rosary of the seeds of the *Elæocarpus*, which are not indispensable accompaniments, and indicate a bias to the *Saiva* faith. The *Pípal* staff is a staff made of the wood of the *Pípal* or Holy Fig tree. The zone of *Murvá* is a girdle fastened over one hip and hanging loosely over the other. made of the fibres of a kind of creeper, *Sansevieria zeylanica*.

Kau. What think you—will he come.

Arun. What busy fancies has his sight suggested :

Dismiss them—they are idle.

Kau. (*Approaches.*) Thenaturalgracesofexpanding youth,
Though lost to fools, familiar to the wise,
Shed not the virtue that in him resides.

Jan. As he advances, he attracts my mind,
Firm though it be, as sways the slender rod
Of magnet force, the ponderous mass of iron.

ENTER *Lava.*

Lava. To talk with me—and yet I know them not.
How am I to address them—ignorant
What claims their birth, or tribe, or namemay give them
To my respect : yet, to the aged this,
At least is due. (*approaches.*) Conceive the brow of *Lava*,
Has bent to do you reverence.

Arun. and Jan. Long life await you.

Kau. Long be thy days* my child.

Arun. Come hither child. (*Embraces him ; then apart.*)
This dear embrace fulfills

Present and past desire.

Kau. Come hither youth. (*embraces him.*) He is indeed
most like,

Not only in his stature, nor in hue
As jetty as the sable leaves that float
Upon the stream, nor in his mellow voice,
Deep as the wild duck's cry when gathering pleased
The fibres of the lotus Stalk—but most
His firm flesh is like *Ráma's* to the touch—

* The benediction is literally Long be my life.

Hard as the seed cup of the water lily :
Then in his countenance—there well I see—
Dost thou not note it—(to *Janaka*.) in his eager gaze,
The animated, speaking glance of *Sítá*.

Jan. I mark it well.

Kau. My heart misgives me : hast thou a mother, child,
Or lives thy father in thy recollection.

Lav. Neither.

Kau. Whose art thou.

Lava. Wise *Válmiki*'s.

Kau. Say on.

Lava. I know no more

(*Behind.*) Warriors take heed, 'tis *Chandraketu*'s order,
That none disturb the holy hermitage.

Arun. The prince is here, he leads the martial escort
That guards the consecrated steed—haply
We may behold him—Fortune smiles upon us.

Kau. The dear son of *Lakshmana*—
This is indeed a happiness.

Lava. Reverend Sir, who is this *Chandraketu*.

Tam. Hast thou ever heard, brave youth,
Of *Ráma* and of *Lakshmana*.

Lava. The heroes
Of the *Rámáyana*

Jan. The same.

Lava. I know them.

Their names and actions are familiar to me.

Jan. The son of *Lakshmana* is *Chandraketu*.

Lava. The son of *Urmilá*, the other daughter
Of *Mithila*'s pious king.

Arun. He knows the history.

Jan. Since you are so well skilled in this, dear boy,
Tell us, what other offspring had the sons
Of *Dasaratha*.

Lava. So much of the tale,
Is not yet taught us.

Jan. Is it not composed.

Lava. It is, but not imparted—save a portion
For *Bharata*, the master of the Drama,
To be performed, prepared, and by the Sage
Himself, transcribed, for an especial purpose.

Jan. What purpose.

Lava. To be taught by *Bharata*
To the* *Apsarasas*, that they enact it
Before the king of *Sweraga*.

Jan. This we would see.

Lava. It is not in our dwelling.
The part I mention was conveyed from hence
By some, the chosen of the class, and with them,
Their guide and guard, in arms my brother went

Kau. Hast thou a brother child.

Lava. I have, his name is *Kusa*.

Kau. Is he the elder.

Lava. In that his birth had just the start of mine.

Jan. Twin brethren are you then.

Lava. Grave sir—we are.

Jan. Tell us, how far the tale of *Ráma* comes.

Lava. To *Lakshmana's* return, when he had left

* The nymphs and actresses of *Indra's* paradise.

The delicate *Sitá* in the pains of travail,
Amidst the lonely woods, deserted thus,
To still the foul aspersions of the people.

Kau. Alas, my luckless child, how shall thy frame
Of tenderest mould, support such trying pangs,
Remote from human aid.

Jan. Poor helpless queen,
Disgrace, the forest terrors, and the pains
Of child birth, all, at once assail thy life—
The fiends impure close round their fated prey,
Nor can thy Sire pronounce the spell of power
To chase them baffled to their haunts again.

Lav. Dame, who are these (*to Arundhati.*)*

Arun. *Janaka* and *Kausalyá*.

Jan. Shame on the thankless race that wronged thy fame,
And *Ráma's* haste to listen to their calumnies—
The cruel blow that has o'erwhelmed my child
Arouses all my soul, and tempts my wrath,
To deal with arms, or direr imprecations,
Destruction on my *Sitá's* persecutors.

Kau. Preserve us Dame—appease the royal sage.

Arun. Such expiation still must be performed
By all whom public calumny assails.
Remember—*Ráma* is thy son: he claims
Thy love—the subject race, alike, demand,
A king's compassion.

Jan. I indulge no hate
To either—*Ráma* ever is my son—

* The stage direction here is sion : *Lava* surveys them with
expressed with German preci- respectful and painful curiosity.

And for the citizens, I call to mind,
 Women and children, men infirm with years,
 And sacred *Brahmans*, form the varied throng.

ENTER *Pupils*.

Pup. The horse, the horse—so often in the *Vedas*
 Read of, unseen, comes living in our sight.—

Lav. The horse—the horse—the mighty beast of war—
 The beast of sacrifice—how looks he—tell me.

Pup. With four firm hoofs he spurns the ground—Erect
 He bears his arching neck—behind he lashes
 His flowing tail, and scatters wide the grain.
 At distance warlike troops observe his course—
 Come and behold. (*lay hold of Lava.*)

Lav. Elders—they drag me from you.

[*Exeunt.*

Arun. Follow your pleasure.

Kau. Let us accompany him,
 I live but in his sight.

Arun. His speed defies
 Our tardy steps—we cannot keep in view
 So fleet a runner.

ENTER *Attendant*.

Mess. I have seen *Válmíki*
 And to your questions thus replies the Sage,
 That which is fit for you to know, in time,
 Shall be made known.

Jan. His answer is mysterious—
 Come matron and my friend ; seek we, ourselves,
 The venerable sage.

[*Exeunt.*

ANOTHER PART OF THE GROVE

ENTER *Lava* and the *Pupils*.

Pup. See prince—is it not wonderful.

Lav. I see,

And recognise the *Aswamedhik* steed.

Pup. How know you him.

Lav. Have you not read

The section that describes him—see—his guards

In mail arrayed, with spears and maces armed.

If you believe me not, go ask of them.

Pup. Ho—Soldier tell, why is this steed so guarded.

Lav. (*apart*) The *Aswamedha* is the glorious rite

Of all victorious monarchs—they who bend

The haughtiest *Kshetriyas* to their power, and reign

The greatest of the great.

Guard. The horse, brave youths—upon the banner look

Or listen to the warriors cry—The steed

Is his: who triumphed o'er the seven fold world.*

Lav. Oh, these are animating sounds;

Pup. The prince

Is wise—he rightly said—hark; what a noise.

[*Shouts without.*

Lav. What ho, is there no *Kshetriya* on the earth,

That such insulting clamours vex the heavens.

Guard. Where lives the *Kshetriya* that should dare oppose

The *Maharaja*.

Lav. Despicable babblers,

If such there be, they are, and will disdain

This weak attempt to teach them fear—enough:

* The universe, consisting of seven continents.

Away with idle words, for I, even I,
 Will bear away the steed, though thickly hemmed
 With fierce opposing shafts—hear me—my friends,
 And fellows of my sports, drive off the horse,
 With clods of turf, and let him scamper hence,
 To gambol with the deer. (*the Boys run off.*)

ENTER a Soldier.

How now, imp of mischief, what would you do:
 Away—a line of ruthless troops advances
 To punish such mad pranks—the Prince observes you,
 Watching with ready bow, the neighbouring thicket.
 Quick to yon grove.

The Boys return.

(*To Lava.*) 'Tis done—as you desired.

The Soldiers raise their bows, and point their shafts
 Against you—and the hermitage is still

Remote—Fly—fly with the speed of deer. [*run off.*]

Lav. Let the shafts fall. (*bending his bow.*)

Oh, this is glorious: the loud rattling bow
 Rings with the clang of thunder clashing clouds,
 And wide expands, like Yama's yawning mouth,
 Opened to swallow nations.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

—
Behind.

Ho, Soldiers haste, or we are put to shame.
See hither speeds the Prince : his charioteer
Urges the fiery steeds : *Sumantra* whirls
The lash, and on they bound, whilst o'er the head
Of *Chandraketu*, his red banner floats
Loose to the breeze.

ENTER *Chandraketu* in his car driven by *Sumantra*.

Chan. What marvel's this, *Sumantra*, what brave hero
Thus from his ceaseless-sounding bowstring rains
A shower of countless shafts upon our host :
Like a bright crest upon the brow of battle
The warrior shines, and as the mantling glow
Of scorn and anger kindles on his cheeks,
He wears a more than human loveliness.
Strange, that a lad, the son of some recluse,
Or holy sage, should with such desperate valour
Singly defy a multitude of foes,
As if he were a scion yet unknown
Of *Raghu's* stock : he gratifies my coming,
With fiery darts that roar along the sky,
Like some wild elephant, that cries with anguish,
When on his front the cleaving falchion falls.

Sum. Like thine his person ; and his lofty bearing,
Defies both Gods and demons—as I gaze on him,

I call to memory, *Ráma*, when in youth,
He aimed his arrows at the host impure
That harassed *Kusika's* exalted son.

Chan. I feel abashed when I observe his prowess.
Unmoved he stands, though round him madly rages,
The storm of battle—through the murky air
With clouds of dust obscured, the whirring sword
Flashes like lightning—rattle the rushing cars,
With jangling bells harsh pealing ; onward roll
Like thunderclouds the ponderous elephants,
Dark laden with the tempest of the war.
He shouts defiance, and his battle cry
Is heard above the rattling drums—more loud,
And more reiterated, than the din
Which mountain bowers reverberate to the roar
Of the wild elephant : they press upon him—
The clustering heads are tossed with rage and terror—
He draws his bow—fearful as *Yamá's* mouth
That gapes to swallow multitudes—they fall,
They break, they fly ; haste—onward to their rescue.
Sum. (*Apart.*) I dread to bring these daring youths
together.

Should *Chandrakétu* fall—and yet his birth—
Demands the danger—if *Ikshwáku's* heir
Be wanting in the hour of peril, where
Shall man expect protection.

Chan. On every side the cowards yield—oh shame,

Sum. Prince, we are now within the hero's hail.

Chan. His name—

Sum. Is *Lava*.

Chan. *Lava*—hero—hear.

Forbear these foes unworthy—here am I—
On me exhaust thy daring, as on thee
My prowess longs to satisfy its craving.

Sum. He hears you Prince, and for a noble enemy
Suspends pursuit—e'en so the lion's cub
Foregoes the timid deer, and turns to brave
The falling thunderbolt.

ENTER *Lava*.

Lav. Hail valiant Prince, your words proclaim you worthy
Your lofty lineage, and of my encounter—
See—I obey your call ——— (*noise without.*)
What, do the slaves, once scattered from the field,
Return to seek the fight; shall they intrude
When Princes are my foes—well—be it so,
Though louder were their shouts than ocean's roar,
When o'er the wreck of worlds, the blasts of fate
Drive his tumultuous waves, their clamours yield
Fresh fuel to my wrath, whose rising fires
More uncontrollable and fiercely glow,
Than the dread flames, deep caverned in the Earth,
And fed with splintered rocks.

Chan. Regard them not.

Esteem me as thy friend, for I admire
Thy merits; and consider thou as thine,
Whate'er to me belongs. Thine, are these troops,
And should not move thy anger; be thy prowess
Tried by the test of mine, and mine alone.

Lav. (*Turning back.*) This is indeed an honor, to receive
Such high encomium from this royal youth,

The bravest of the children of the sun.
 Why measure him with these—yet can I bear
 These clamorous menaces, that from the crowd
 Defy me—no—I thus efface my shame.

[*rushes out.*

Chan. Behold him, where he speeds: with high disdain
 He draws his bow against the crowds in front,
 Whilst others press his rear—so central gleams,
 The bow of *Indra*, midst divided clouds,
 Tossed in dissevered masses by the gale.
 Hoa—warriors hear me—shall we thus be shamed
 By such unequal fight; shall valiant men
 Attack a slender youth—shall plaited mail
 Oppose the deer skin—and the rattling car,
 And horse, and elephant, combine to crush
 A single foeman, as on foot he braves ye.

Lav. (*Returning.*) He pities me—Indeed! this waste of time
 Shall cease—with heavenly arms I fight
 And they no more impede me.

(*Stands in the attitude of meditation.*)*

Chan. What is this;
 The shouts are stilled.

Lav. So much for these revilers.

Sum. This is no common deed: the youth must wield
 Celestial weapons.

Chan. It is true; for see,

* This is a specimen of the ployed is the *Jrimbhaka* or that
 use of the heavenly arms of which causes drowsiness—its
 which mention was made in the influence is the result of *Dhyāna*
 first act. The weapon here em- or meditation.

In fearful change that equal pains the eye,
 Alternate gloom to flashing lightning, yields.
 How like a painted army, stands our host,
 As the resistless charm subdues their senses ;
 And now along the sky, dark vapours float
 In masses, ponderous as the peaks of *Vindhya*,
 And blackness, gathered from the caves of hell,
 Like molten brass, red sullen flames, by fits,
 Glow through the gloom, and loud the breeze awakes
 As 'twere the wind of final dissolution.

Sum. Whence could he gain such power.

Chan. From whom,

But his great master, wise *Prachetas'* son.

Sum. Not his the gifts : *Krisáswa's* progeny

By him, on *Viswamitra* were bestowed,

And he to *Ráma* gave them.

Chan. Yet, perchance,

Others, who equally the light of truth

Within themselves possess, may of themselves,

Obtain possession of these self same powers.

Sum. Enough. Be on your guard : he comes.

Chan. & Lav. (Together) 'Tis strange :

Some hidden cause my heart with rapture fills,

At sight of this fair youth—is it the hope

Of future converse—is it his lofty worth—

Is it the fond transmission of regard

Felt in a former being—or does some tie

Of kindred undiscovered wake delight.

Sum. Such is the sympathy that ever binds

Congenial excellence : the world's report,

The aspect of the stars, the eye's caprice,
 Oft lead to love ere merit wins regard.
 The sudden friend exacts no pledged requital.
 The spirit that pervades his inmost core,
 Is that of pure attachment.—(*Looking at Lava, then
 aside.*) Can it be—
 Ah no—fate in the germ destroyed
 The lovely plant—the parent stem cut down,
 What flower shall blossom more.

Chan. I quit the car.

Sum. Why so.

Chan. To pay my homage to this valiant youth,
 And do a soldier's duty—to assail
 At such advantage, one who fights on foot
 The God of arms* forbids.

Sum. (*Apart*) What shall I do—
 The Prince's will is worthy of his race,
 And must not be opposed—yet—can I bear
 To witness such a conflict.

Chan. What will you say,
 When men shall ask my father's honored friend,
 If *Chandrakétu* did his duty.

Sum. Right—
 War is the *Kshetriya's* duty, and thy race
 Has never shrunk from contest: then, proceed,
 †And shew thee worthy thy illustrious sires.

* The *Sastra Devatá*, literally rendered in the text—but the Hindu Pantheon recognises no such personage except *Kárti-* *heya* be intended.
 † Several speeches of little interest are here omitted.

Lav. What mingled feelings rise, as I approach him,
 Dear to the night flower as the rising moon
 His presence offers rapture to my sight ;
 But as I grasp the heavy clanging bow,
 I feel my ardour for the fight revive
 And all my soul on fire.

Chan. (*Descending from the car and bowing to Sumantra*)
 Accept my friend,
 The lowly reverence of *Chandrakétu*
 Born of a race that boast the Sun their Sire.

Sun. May your great Sire defend the sons he loves
 In the dread hour of battle—may *Varáha**
 All mighty and eternal, grant you fame,
 And victory, and virtue, till you equal
 The †founder of your house—may the great Sage
 Your race's guardian aid you : may the gods
 Of air, and fire, and heaven, and may *Suparna*‡
 And *Vishnu*'s self, infuse into thy heart
 Their own celestial daring—Be the clang,
 Of *Ráma*'s bow string, and of *Lakshmana*'s,
 The charm of potency to win thee victory.

Lav. Prince, you well become
 The glittering car—this courtesy exceeds.

Chan. Do you then mount
 An equal chariot.

Lav. (*To Sumantra.*) Honoured Sir, persuade,
 The Prince to keep his seat.

* The incarnation of *Vishnu* *girath* and father of *Raghu*
 as a Boar. † *Garura* the monarch of the
 ‡ *Kakutstha* the son of *Bha-* birds.

Sum. So you assent,
To *Chandraketu's* wishes.

Lav. That would I do
Most cheerfully—but we are foresters,
The untaught tenants of the wood, and want
The princely skill to guide the car of battle.

Sum. It is more strange that you so well are skilled
In dignity and courtesy—trust me youth—
Could *Rámabhadra* but behold thee thus,
His heart would melt with tenderness towards thee.

Lav. His fame has reached me, and I honour him,
And though I have presumptuously disturbed
The royal sacrifice, yet not the less,
I feel deep reverence for the pious chief.
His vaunting followers alone provoked me,
To wipe away the infamy they heaped
On all the *Kshetriya* tribe.

Chan. Is it so hard,
To own a Sire's pre-eminence.

Lav. Not so:
But knows the Prince the duties of a Soldier.

Sum. You do not know the mighty *Rámachandra*—
Then speak not of him—you may boast 'tis true
You mastered feeble hearts like those, in fight ;
But when a foe like **Jámadagnya*, bends,
Beneath your arm, then you may vaunt your prowess.

Lav. A mighty triumph truly—is it not granted
A *Brahman's* weapons are his words, and when
He wields a warrior's arms, his inexperience

* The son of *Jamadagni*, *Parasuráma*.

Bears them inert ; to conquer such a champion,
 And such was *Jámadagnya*—is methinks
 But scanty matter for a hero's praise.

Chan. Enough, enough, what hero heavenly born
 Descends on earth, to hold in disesteem,
 The son of *Bhrigu*, he whose fatal arm
 Had desolated worlds, but pity stopped
 His all resistless sword.*

Lav. (In an ironical tone.) I know the deeds
 Of *Raghupati*—long may he enjoy
 His well earned honours—long may listening worlds
 Admire the tale of his heroic exploits.
 Still, glory wait upon the overthrow
 Of a weak woman ; the advance that shewed
 No sign of fear when *Khara* felt his valour ;
 And the bold scheme that conquered *Indrajit*.†

Chan. Injurious youth thy pride indeed is vast.

* He destroyed the *Kshetriya* or military race except, it is said in some accounts, those in the Solar line : other statements aver that he exterminated all except some of the females, who were married to *Brahmans*, and thus continued the warrior tribe. As however many Princes of both the solar and lunar dynasties are long subsequent to *Parasuráma*, we must understand his extermination of the *Kshetriyas* with a certain reservation. This is evidently necessary, from the ordinary tenor of the story, which represents him as exterminating them twenty one times, a succession of destructive feats he could scarcely have achieved, unless he seven times, "thrice slew the slain."

† The destruction of *Táraká*, the disturber of the sacrifices of *Viswamitra* is related in the first book of the *Rámáyana*, and the death of a woman is forbidden to a soldier. The backwardness of *Ráma*, or as it is described in the original, the three

Lav. Away, great Prince, I do not heed thy frown.

Sum. They burst with rage, and every limb is shook
 With furious passion—glows each sanguine eye
 Like the red lotus—the discoloured cheek,
 And agitated brow, are like the moon
 Stained with strange spots, or like the water lily,
 When o'er its ruffled leaves the black bee spreads
 His fluttering wings.

Lav. & Chan. (together.) Hence to the field of fight.

steps that were not in advance, does not so occur in the ordinary copies of the *Rámáyana*, and the passage may have undergone some modification as derogatory to the hero. Nothing about *Ráma's* retiring three paces has been met with in that part of the *Rámáyana* which describes the death of *Khara* in the *Aranya Kánda*, but it is admitted that *Ráma* felt alarm, upon the approach of a mace hurled at him by the *Rákshasa*: "Seeing that weapon like the mace of death approaching, the Prince was alarmed, considering that its flight could not be equalled nor opposed by common arrows, the mace of the demon being of celestial origin." The attack upon *Indrajit* which

proved fatal to him was the result of *Vibhishana's* advice, who was aware of a prophecy announced by *Brahmá*, that whoever should interrupt by force of arms a certain sacrifice commenced by that chieftain would prove his destroyer—*Indrajit* was engaged in the rite, when by the recommendation of *Vibhishana*, *Lakshmana* and a party of *Ráma's* host were sent to attack the *Rákshasas* who guarded him. The latter were routed—*Indrajit* abandoned the unfinished ceremony to come to their rescue, and was ultimately slain by *Lakshmana*—the exploit therefore added little to the glory of *Ráma* as he took no part in the conflict, and as its result was predestined.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

ACT VI.

ENTER *a Vidyádharma and Vidyádhari*
(*a Male and Female Spirit of air*) *in their car.*

M. Sp. A fearful fight: less fierce the blows
When Gods and Titans meet as foes.
See, Love—what bright achievements grace
The warriors of the Solar race.
Strained to each breast the bow is bent,
The shaft unintermitted sent,
The jangling bells incessant ring,
And frequent twangs the rattling string,
Whilst an alarum, long and loud,
Is sounded by yon thunder cloud,
Inflated by supernal power,
In honour of such battle hour.
Quick, on each youthful champion's head,
A shower of heavenly blossoms shed,
Culled from the nectar breathing tree,
Of youth and immortality.

F. Sp. But what is this — o'er all the sky,
The sudden streaks of lightning fly.

M. Sp. 'Tis *Mahádeva's* eye of flame,
That opens on this battle game,
And from between the awful lashes
Terrific in its glory, flashes,
Such sparks, as scattered from the sun

On * *Twashtra's* whirling circle spun.
 Ah no, I see—the fiery blaze,†
 'Tis *Chandraketu's* arm displays ;
 Around his car, with banneret,
 And spears, and waving chowries set,
 The fatal radiance rapid dances,
 And on the chieftain's armour glances,
 The warrior glows with yellow light,
 The car is pale with ashen white ;
 'Tis all in flame ; the God of fire
 Puts forth his dread resistless ire,
 And crackling, sparkling, roaring, strong,
 His lambent furies curl along,
 Now with the force of falling thunder,
 They rive the firmest rocks asunder.
 The air is parching, love—beneath
 My mantling robe more coolly breathe,
 And let us to a distance haste.

F. Sp. No further need—the peril's past :
 The scorching vapour glows no more,
 The clouds distil their gelid store,
 And ponderous through the ether float.,
 As murky as the Peafowl's throat,

* *Twashtra* the artist of the Gods, the same with *Viswakarma* the father-in-law of *Sûrya*—when *Sanjna* unable to endure the splendors of her lord, fled from his embraces, the sun had recourse to her father, who in order to temper his fierceness, put the planet on the grindstone, and took off the edge of his rays.
 † The *Agneya* weapon, one of the celestial armoury or the weapon of fire.

Save where along their skirts entwine
The Lightnings like a wavy vine.

M. Sp. The shafts of *Varuna** arrest
In *Lava*'s hand the fiery pest.
Yet still in vain—for now the wind
From every quarter unconfined,
Comes sweeping forth, as t'would displace
The world from off its solid base,
And swift along the tossing sky
The clouds before its fury fly—
'Twas wisely done, with *Váyu*'s† force
To stem the torrent's gathering course,
And scatter thus the gloom of night
Back to the parent source of light.

F. Sp. But who is this, that from his car,
Alights to intercept the war,
And with his gentle speech, controuls,
The fury of these daring souls.

M. Sp. 'Tis *Raghupati*‡ he has slain
The fierce ascetic, and again
He seeks his realm—his voice they hear
And cast aside the sword and spear—
Lava is calm—and lowly bends
The prince, as the great chief descends.
May fate conclude, as now begun,
This meeting of the sire and son.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The deity of water which element is wielded in the conflict. ment opposed to that of water.

‡ The Lord or chief of the house of *Raghu*: *Ráma*.

† The deity of wind—the ele-

ENTER *Ráma*, *Lava*, and *Chandrakétu*.

Ram. Come *Chandraketu* to my breast, and cool
With thy embrace the fervour of my heart.

Chan. Receive my humblest homage.

Ram. Fate, assuredly,
That gives thee power to wield celestial arms,
Auspicious smiles upon thy course.

Chan. My sire,
In this, does Fortune smile, that I have found
A friend in this brave youth : may *Raghu's* Lord,
Behold him with the same complacent eye,
He turns on me.

Ram. This is indeed a presence
Of loftiest promise, active and robust.
As made a soldier's duty to fulfill,
To guard religion, and protect mankind.
Nor is there vigour only, lighter graces
Are there concentered, and apparent virtues,
As if each excellence the world admires,
Assumed a visible and human form.

Lav. (*Apart.*) Is this the mighty chief, the friend of virtue,
The stay and trust of men, the comforter,
The living shape of worth—embodied excellence:
His sight subdues me—all my enmity
At once subsides—a new and strong affection
Grows in my bosom—all my pride is gone,
And shame o'ercomes me—First of the first is he—
As holiest shrines have oft a holier still.

Ram. 'Tis strange, a single glance should soothe my sorrow
And fill my breast with passionate regard.

What should the cause be—for without a cause,
 How should affection ever be engendered.
 When no exterior motives can be traced,
 Some secret spring must influence the heart.
 Such are the sympathies that nature prompts,
 When to the rising sun, the flower expands,
 And melts the moon gem in the lunar ray.*

Lav. Instruct me, Prince, who is this glorious chief.

Chan. The elder of our house.

Lav. How, *Raghunátha*—

Blest be the hour that I behold this deity.

(*Advances and bows down to the feet of Ráma.*)

Accept the veneration, Prince, of *Lava*,

The lowly scholar of *Prachétas* son.

Ram. Arise, brave youth—forego this prostrate homage,

And find an equal welcome in my arms.

(*Embraces him.*)

Lav. I merit not such graciousness—the less,

That blind presumption led me here in enmity.

Forgive, my Sire, the foolishness of *Lava*.

Ram. What faults require forgiveness for my son.

Chan. Those of his native valour, for disdaining

The proud pretensions of the guards who followed

The sacrificial steed—he has displayed

* The doctrine of sympathies the objects whence they are
 was once very familiar to the named—the latter is the magnet,
 philosophy of Europe. The Moon- the other two are fanciful, but
 stone, Sunstone, and Ironstone, probably the idea of them is
 are three gems according to the derived from some natural sub-
 Hindus, the properties of which stance.
 are analogous to the nature of

Himself a hero.

Ram. It was bravely done

And like a *Kshetriya*—the true warrior brooks not

The vain assumptions of superior glory :

Fierce as the sun may dart his rays, he finds

The sun stone give them back in fiercer fire.

Chan. His brave disdain approves my friend a *Kshetriya* :

But more—he wields no common arms ; observe,

Our troops are motionless, struck thus by him.

Ram. (*To Lava*) My son, undothe charm, and *Chandraketu*,

Go forth and range them in array again,

And soothe their disappointed valour.

Chan. I obey.

[*Exit.*

Lav. (*After meditating.*) The weapon is withdrawn.

Ram. My son, these arms.

Are of celestial origin—their use

A mystery—the gods themselves obtained them

By ages of devotion, and the *Rishis*

Of primal days and powers supernal, saw them,

Self-radiant and endowed with wondrous virtue.

The holy texts that should enforce their service

The great *Krisáswa* penned,* and 'twas the toil

Of full ten centuries—He, to *Viswámitra*,

His pious pupil taught the mystic lore,

And I from him received the sacred weapons,

* Literally, “ he declared to stand the employment of charms, *Viswamitra* the *Upanishad* containing the *Mantra*” it is clear and the command over the elements with which we are familiar in the Magic of all countries. therefore that by the use of these weapons, we are to under-

Bound to attend for ever on my race—

Then tell me, *Lava*, by what potent means,

Whence, and from whom, didst thou obtain these arms?

Lav. Of themselves—uncalled—unsought for, did they
come

To me and to my brother.

Ram. Thy brother—

Chán. We are twin.

Ram. Where is he.

Kusa (behind.)

What say you, *Lava* is engaged alone

With *Chandrakétu's* train: then shall to-day,

The pride of empire set in ignominy,

The towering crest of *Kshetriya* shall be humbled.

Ram. Whom have we here—of deepest jet his hue,

And at his voice, each hair upon my body

Starts up erect—like flowers that lift their heads,

When hollow murmurs tell the coming storm.

Lav. 'Tis even he—my elder brother *Kusa*,

Returned from *Bharata's* abode.

Ram. My son;

Invite him hither.

Lav. I obey—behold him—

ENTER *Kusa.*

This bow whose string emits such vivid radiance

As gleams from heavenly arms, is fit for combat

With any of the mighty chiefs that trace

Their royal lineage, through the high descent

Of *Menu*, *Vaivaswata*, from the sun,

Although of prowess to protect the gods,

N



And tame the fiercest of the foes of heaven.

Ram. What lofty daring does this youth display ;
What brave defiance sparkles in his eye.
He seems to hold confederated worlds
As grass to trample on ; he shakes the earth
With his proud tread, and though of tender years,
He shews of mountain stature—Is he mortal,
Or is it the spirit of valour that assumes
A mortal form.

Lav. Glory to your arms.

Kus. Rather to thine ;
How now—I hear glad news—what's this—war—war.

Lav. Restrain this swelling port, and hither come
With due humility.

Kus. Why so.

Lav. The god like Lord
Of *Raghu's* lineage, deigns to give you welcome.

Kus. The godlike hero of our masters' verse,
The guardian of the universal world—

Lav. The same.

Kus. How may I dare approach such majesty—
His presence awes me,* justly has the Bard
That sings his deeds, entitled him divine.
Great Sire—the scholar of *Prachetas*, *Kusa*,
Bows thus in veneration.

[to *Ráma*.

Ram. Rise my child,
And yield me thy embrace. (*embraces him.*) It is most
strange:

* A few short speeches of no importance are omitted.

Alike from either of these youths, the touch
 Spreads rapture through my frame ; from every pore
 The dews, affection born, distill, as if
 External consciousness were manifest :
 And as my heart dissolves with ecstasy,
 My form in waves of nectar seems to float.

Lav. Please you, Sire,

To rest beneath the shelter of this tree.
 The sun is high, and on my father's brow,
 Darts fiercely.—

Ram. As you will—(*they sit under, a tree.*)

(*Apart.*) In every look and act, these youths display
 The majesty that would become an empire.
 Upon their forms, has nature set signs,
 Like rays of light within a costly gem,
 Or drops of nectar on a lovely lotus,
 That indicate such glorious destiny,
 As should alone to *Raghu's* sons pertain.
 Dark as the Dove's blue neck, is their deep hue :
 Such shoulders has the monarch of the herd :
 Their dauntless looks are like the angry Lion's ;
 And like the deep toned music of the drum,
 Of holy sacrifice, each mellow voice.
 I see in each, my own similitude,
 And not alone my likeness—but in much,
 They wear the lovely semblance of my *Sítá*.
 The lotus countenance of *Jánaki*,
 Is even now before me—such those teeth
 Of pearly whiteness—such the pouting lip,
 The taper ear, and such the expressive eye

Although 'tis tempered with a manly fierceness.
 Their dwelling in these groves—the very same
 Where *Sítá* was abandoned, and so like—
 And then the heavenly weapons—self presented,
 That as the sages say, would never quit
 Our line without due cause—my queen's condition,
 Burthened with promised joys—these thoughts distract
 My heart, and fill my soul with hope and terror.
 How can I learn the truth—how ask these youths
 The history of their birth.

Lav. What should this be: the countenance that sheds
 Delight on all, is now suffused with tears,
 Like the bright lotus stained with drops of dew.

Kus. Remember, brother—of his queen bereft
 The mighty *Ráma* cannot chuse but sorrow.
 Torn from the heart beloved, the world becomes
 A dreary waste, and this sad separation
 Is doomed to know no term—how could you utter
 Such simple doubts, who know the song of *Ráma*.

Ram. I am afraid to ask them—let me hush
 These fancies—my emotion has excited
 Their notice and their pity—let me be firm.
 Have you perused, my sons, *Válmíki's* verse,
 I fain would hear something of his description
 Of the bright glories of the solar race.

Kus. We have perused the poem. I retain
 Some passages; please you, I will repeat them.

Ram. Let me hear them.

Kus. “She formed for love; and *Ráma's* tender breast
 To love, the Prince was now supremely blest;

Nor less her Lord did *Sítá's* thoughts inspire,
And mutual passion crowned each heart's desire."

Ram. I cannot check my tears—so true this strain.

Alas—the uses of the world are now
Stale and unprofitable—a disordered chaos
Involved in care, and closed by separation.
Where is the happiness, on which our hopes
May rest with confidence: where is the worth
That mutually delights: where is that firm
And lasting union of two loving hearts
Inseparably one, in joy and sorrow.
Life ever blooms, but error ever blights it.
Blest be the verse that calls again to mind,
The least of all the thousand excellences,
That time, the foe of memory, would rob me of.
I see my *Sítá* now—when budding youth,
Expanded day by day into the bloom
Of woman, and when full blown beauty joined
With ardent passion, to subdue my heart,
And animate my every thought with love.

'Tis past—how wonderful.—(*Sinks into meditation.*)

Lav. How lost in thought he seems—not even a sigh
Steals forth, a sign of life: so silent lies
Some sacred statue in its holy shrine.

Behind.

The Sages of the hermitage—the Queen
Of *Dasarat'ha*, and *Arundhati*,
Alarmed to hear the violence, the youths
Have offered to the steed—prepare to leave
These solitudes with all the speed they may,

Yet slow their progress—age retards their flight,
Their limbs are feeble though their minds are firm.

Ram. What, are *Arundha tí* and *Janaka*,
Vasisht'ha and my honoured mother here—
(*Rising and looking out.*)

Yes, I behold the monarch *Jánaka*—like a thunder bolt
His sight affects me : with the holy Priests
Who joined our hands ; with so much to recall
The hopes that all have perished ; thus to meet him—
What task remains for *Ráma* to perform.

Behind.

Alas, the unexpected sight of *Ráma*
O'er comes the aged king—and now the Queen
Hastening to aid her ancient friend, beholds
Her son, and senseless falls.

Ram. Revive,
My Sire—my dearest mother, live,
To see thy son—behold him—he is here
Kusa & Lava—This way—This way.—

[*Exeunt rapidly.*

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

ACT VII.

AN AMPHITHEATRE ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.*

ENTER *Lakshmana*.

I have obeyed the Sage, and have arranged
A theatre to hold this vast assemblage,
Of Gods, and men, and Spirits of Earth, air, ocean,
The Serpent deities, and all the Forms
That move and breathe—called hither by *Válmíki*,
On *Ganga's* sacred banks—that they may hear
His inspirations, with dramatic art,
Recited by the nymphs of *Indra's* heaven.
All is prepared, and the assembly waits—
And lo, the Prince, who in his palace bears
The hardships of the Anchorite, approaches.

ENTER *Ráma*.

Now, *Lakshmana*, is the assembly gathered
For this performance.

Lak. All is ready.

Ram. Be the youths,

* A play in a play is a device essential to the plot however as familiar to our theatre—that in this, and the play in Hamlet, both Hamlet need scarcely be mentioned. Beaumont and Fletcher which representations indicate the opinion entertained by the go further and combine Four authors of the moral efficacy of Plays in one—They are not so such performances.

Lava and *Kusa*, stationed with the Prince
Your son.

Lak. Your wishes are foreseen—they sit together.
This is the royal seat.

Ram. (*Sitting.*) Let them begin.

ENTER *Manager.*

The sage *Prachetas* son—the oracle
Of truth, thus issues his commands : let all
Assembled here, attend to the high tales
Of wonder, and of holiness, related,
As by the eye of saintly prescience seen.

Ram. Enough—we know the *Rishis* are all holy ;
Their wisdom is exempted from the stain
Of passion, and with immortality
Impregnate—and their words can never fail
Our reverence and attention.

(*Sítá within.*)

Alas, alas, where art thou dearest Lord,
Brave *Lakshmana*—where thou—the Beasts of prey
Press round me to devour me—me—alone,
Unsheltered, undefended, in the forest.
What dreadful pangs—I can no more sustain
This agony—these fears—I will devote
My life to *Bhágirathí*.

Lak. This is piteous.

The Manager. The daughter of the earth, the hapless queen,
Her Lord abandons to the lonely woods—
Now, as the pains of travail agonize her,
Consigns herself to *Ganga's* sacred wave.

[*Exit.*

Ram. (*Starting up.*) Dear love, forbear ;

I fly to thy assistance.

Lak. Does my Lord

Remember, what he views, is but a fiction.

Ram. Alas, that such a portion should have been

The gift of *Ráma* to his tender bride,

The dear companion of his forest dwelling.

Lak. Suppress these thoughts—let us attend the story.

Ram. I am armed—pierceless as adamant.

[sits down.

ENTER *Sítá* supported by *Prithiví* (the Earth) and *Gangá*
(the Ganges) each bearing a new born child.

Ram. *Lakshmana* I am lost, my senses stray

In a bewildering maze—support me.

Ganga. Revive *Vaidéhi*. Fate is now thy friend.

Amidst the waves in safety hast thou given,

Two hopes to *Raghu's* line.

Sita. Can this be true,

Are these my infants—ah my loved Lord. [fainting.

Ganga. Resume thy fortitude, my child—revive.

Sita. Who art thou.

Pri. 'Tis *Bhágirathí*, the protecting goddess

Of your Lord's line.

Sita. (Bowing to *Ganga*.) Receive my adoration.

Ganga. May the reward of virtue ever wait thee.

Behold thy mother—reverend Goddess—Earth.

Sita. Am I so blest.

Pri. Let this embrace assure thee.

Lak. The queen is fondly cherished by the *Deities*.

Ram. Their love for this, their child, o'ercomes their spirits.

This passion of the soul, the common attribute

Of sentient beings, is the knot that binds,
The cord that holds the universe, and till
The end of all, perpetuates the race.

Sita. Oh I were happy now, could I but think
I held a place in my dear Lord's remembrance.

Pri. Thy Lord---who should he be---hast thou a husband:

Sita. Why need I name him---well my parent knowshim.

Gan. Queen, reflect (*to Prithiví*)

Thou art the stay of all---and shalt thou share
The passions of the ignorant: consider,
What he has done, the honour of his race,
Imperatively willed; for wide and far
The stain upon his name was spread:---the test
In *Lanká* undergone, not elsewhere witnessed
Was little credited---and it has been
The triumph of his high and royal race,
To claim the homage free, and unreserved,
Of all the world---what then remained for *Ráma*
In this dilemma, else, than to pursue,
The course that he has trod.

Pri. Goddess, I hear,
Your censures with delight, but strong affection
Controuls my thoughts and language. Well I know
The love of *Ráma*, and the grief he feels
For loss of this dear child, yet still he lives,
For the sole benefit of his subject tribes,
For which, in other worlds, rewards await him.

Sita Oh, let my mother take
And hide me in her bosom.

Gan. Child, forbear,

Yet many years thy presence shall dispense
Delight upon mankind.

Pri. And for the present,
These infants claim thy care

Sita. A widow I.—

Pri. How should this be, whilst yet thy husband lives.

Sita. Have I a husband.

Pri. Can you then disdain,
The benefactor of the world, with whom,
Again united, fame and bliss await you.

Laks. Heard you the Queen.

Ram.—Let all the world receive
This testimony—(*a noise without*) hark, what wonders
more.

Sita. The heavens are overcast.

Gan. 'Tis true; observe
The heavenly arms are visible, the ministers
Of *Ráma*, from *Krisáswa* first descended,
To *Viswamitra* next, and last to him.

Behind.

Great Queen, all hail—
Behold the faithful servants of thy children—
As *Raghupati* erst to thee announced,
His servants we, the servants of thy sons.

Sita. Oh, I am blest, the weapon gods appear
In all their glory.

Gan. Hail, celestial ministers,
Devoted to the race of *Raghu*—still to work
The will of his descendants—hail, all hail.
They disappear—now daughter turn thine eye,

On these infantine pictures of thy Lord.

Sita. Ah, who shall minister the holy rites,
Their birth demands, that great *Vasishtha's* care,
Has ever solemnised for *Raghu's* race.

Gan. This, daughter, need not dwell upon thy thoughts.
When they no more exact a mother's charge,
We will convey them to *Válmíki's* bower.
Prachetas' son, equal in power and knowledge,
To *Angiras* or to *Vasishtha*, shall,
Become their mighty master, and perform
The ceremonial rites their years require.

Ram. This was well thought.

Lak. Does not the Prince perceive,
In this, the birth of *Kusa* and of *Lava*,
Is covertly apprised him—from their infancy,
Have they been masters of the heavenly arms;
They have received each sacred ordinance
From great *Válmíki*, and their vigorous youth,
Numbers the years that now have passed away,
Since the fair Queen was sentenced to the woods.

Ram. My heart beats high. I cannot speak my thoughts.

Pri. Come, Daughter, with thy presence hallow Earth—

Sit. Most gladly—I am weary of the world.

Pri. Discharge thy dues maternal—when these boys,
No more require thee, thou shalt be contented.

Sita. Let it be so.

[*Exeunt Sítá, Gangá and Prithiví.*

Ram. Gone—she is gone for ever. (*saints.*)

Lak. All wise *Válmíki* grant us thy protection—
For, such the purpose of thy sacred poem.

Behind.

Remove the instruments of harmony—and let
All present, mark the marvels that are wrought,
By great *Válmíki's* will.

Lak. The waters of the *Ganges* are upheaved,
With sudden agitation—all the sky
Is crowded with divinities—behold—
Where rising from the depth, the Queen appears,
By *Gangá* and by *Prithiví* supported :
Hither she comes rejoicing

Behind.

Arun. Receive from us, the pure and faithful wife,
Unspotted *Sítá*.

Lak. Prince, behold these wonders :
Alas, he still is senseless.

ENTER *Arundhatí* and *Sítá*.

Arun. Why thus bashful :
Haste thee my child, and let the consciousness
Of that dear hand, restore thy lord to life.

Sita. He wakes.

Ram. (*Reviving.*) My queen, my love—
My honoured mother, pure *Arundhatí*
With *Rishyasínga* and the pious *Sántá*—
All here—all happy.

Arun. Prince, awhile attend ;
The goddess of thy race in favour speaks.

Ganga without.

Lord of the world—remember thy appeal.*

* See the first Act.

Thou hast invoked my cares for this, thy queen,
That as a mother I should guard her ever,
As if she were *Arundhatí*. Behold.

I have obeyed thy will—my debt is paid.

Arun. Again attend, thy mother Earth, addresses thee.

Prithiví without.

Lord of the world—remember thy appeal :

Thou hast committed *Sítá* to my charge,

And called upon me to protect my child.

I have obeyed thy will—my debt is paid.

Ram. (*Prostrating himself.*)

How have I, sinful as I am, deserved,

Such heavenly favour.

Arun. People of *Ayodhya* ;

Receive your queen, whom the great goddesses

Gangá and *Prithiví*, thus highly honour,

And now by me, *Arundhatí*, presented you.

The Gods themselves have testified her purity,

And Fire borne witness to her spotless virtue,

From Sacrifice she draws her birth,* and reigns

Wife of the greatest of the sun's descendants.

Recall these things—and yield her veneration.

Lak. They feel the matron's censure : all the crowd

Is bent in prostrate homage to the Queen,

Whilst from above, the guardians of the spheres,

And rulers of the planets, shed delighted,

A shower of heavenly flowers.

Arun. Lord of the world—imperial *Rámabhadra*,

In place of her similitude, be *Sítá*

* *Síta* was born of the earth at a sacrifice performed by *Janaka*.

Herself, the partner of your sacred rite.

Ram. Most joyfully.

Lak. (*To Sítá.*) Lady and Queen, the shameless *Lakshmana*;
Is bold enough to offer you his homage.

Sita. May length of days reward such worth as thine.

Arun. Now may the Sage lead forth the lovely twins,
Kusa and *Lava*, to embrace their parents.

Ram. This is joy indeed.—

Sita. Where are my children.

ENTER *Válmiki* with *Kusa* and *Lava*

Val. Behold your Parents, children; the Prince *Lakshmana*,
And there you grandsire—this your father's mother.

Sita. My dear father too.—

Kus. and *Lav.*—Dear father—dearest mother.

Ram. (*Embracing them*) This is a recompense for all our
sorrows.

Sita. Come hither *Kusa*—hither *Lava*—come
Embrace your mother—now indeed restored
To life.

Kusa. and *Lava.* We are most blest.

Sita.—Lord I salute thee (*to Válmiki.*)

Val. May thy days be many.

Sita. My dear father—thus, with all I love encompassed
How can I bear so vast a weight of happiness.

A noise behind.

Val. (*Looking out.*) The demon *Lavana* is slain, and here
The Prince of *Madhura* advances ---

Lak. All,

Conspires to make our happiness complete.—

Ram. I scarce can credit what I see—yet thus

Does fate oppress the prosperous.

Val. Ráma—

Is there ought else that may require our aid.

Ram. Nought, holy Sire, but this :

May that inspired strain, whose lines impart

This tale, delight and purify the heart ;

As with a mother's love, each grief allay,

And wash like *Ganga's* wave, our sins away.

And may dramatic skill, and taste profound,

Pourtray the story, and the verse expound,

So that due honour ever shall belong

To the great master of poetic song,

Alike familiar with a loftier theme,

The sacred knowledge of the ONE SUPREME.*

This Drama labours under the disadvantage of a subject drawn from national mythology, and although the more interesting on that account to those to whom it was originally addressed, it must lose much of its merit in the eyes of those, to whom the mythos of the Hindus is unattractive or unknown.

Another defect consequent upon the choice of its subject is the want of action : the incidents are few, and although not unconnected with each other, nor independant of the denouement, they occur abruptly, and are separated by intervals of time and place, which trespass a little too strongly upon dramatic probabilities, and impair the interest of the story.

* The Poet acquainted with the *Brahma Sabda*, the inspired and uncreated *Vedas* as identifiable with *Brahma* or the Supreme Being.

Apart from these defects, however, the Drama has much to recommend it, and has more pretension to genuine pathos, than perhaps any other specimen of the Hindu Theatre. The mutual sorrows of *Ráma* and *Sítá* in their state of separation are pleasingly and tenderly expressed, and the meeting of the father and his sons may be compared advantageously with similar scenes, with which the fictions of Europe both poetical and dramatic abound.

Besides the felicitous expression of softer feelings, this play has some curious pictures of the beau ideal of heroic bearing, and of the duties of a Warrior and a Prince. A higher elevation can scarcely be selected for either. The true spirit of chivalry pervades the encounter of the two young Princes, and the quiet devotedness with which *Ráma* sacrifices his wife and domestic happiness to the prosperity of his subjects, is a worthy counterpart to the immolation of natural affections to public interests, which is so frequent in the early history of Greece.

The characters of the Drama are individualised by the features just noticed as belonging to those of the heroic class, and by the sentiments of piety and the tone of authority, which animate the religious personages introduced upon the scene, amongst whom, that females bear so important a part, may be regarded as another characteristic peculiarity. The incidents, as already noticed to, are not numerous, but they are dramatic and interesting, and upon the feelings of a Hindu must have exercised a powerful influence.—To a belief that vivifies all objects, and gives to mountains and rivers divine forms and sentient natures, the representations of this play must have been awful and sublime. The most inferior of the

personages exhibited are the Spirits of air, or of the forest or the flood, who mingle familiarly and affectionately with demigods and deified Sages. Earth the mother of all beings, and *Gangá* the river of the three worlds, are introduced in person, and the final reunion of *Rama* with his family is witnessed, not only by the people of *Ayodhya*, and the elders of either race, but by the congregated deities of Earth and Heaven.

The language of the beings of fictitious existence is either narrative or descriptive, and in the former is simple, and in the latter picturesque. That, of the human characters, is, as usual with our author, rather passionate than poetical, but some brilliant thoughts occur, the justice and beauty of which are not surpassed in any literature. The comparison of *Chandraketu* to a Lion's cub turning to brave the thunderbolt is one of these, and another is the illustration of the effects of education upon minds possessed or destitute of natural gifts. It is needless to specify other passages. The general tone of the piece is imaginative and elevated, and it is entitled at least to the designation of a Dramatic Poem.

Bhavabhūti

Uttara Rama Cheritra, or the Continuation of the History of Rama a drama

Calcutta 1826

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